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LONDON, SATURDAY, MAY 22, 1852.

REVIEWS

First Report of the Commissioners for the Exhibition of 1851.

VARIOUS and voluminous as the library of the Great Exhibition is already, it is not complete. Guide books, catalogues, popular descriptions, special manuals on the industrial departments, essays in prose and "verse," have each in their several ways reported on the facts and fancies of which the Crystal Palace was last year the home. But a history of the whole undertaking—of its original suggestion—of the obstacles which crowded the path of its first projectors—of the manner in which zeal, energy and perseverance cleared them off—of the modes by which popular sympathy and intelligence were now to cooperate in a scheme so vast and novel—of the organization through which so many strange races and hostile interests were made to work in harmony to a common end—of the means by which the vast collection of natural and human products were brought from the corners of the earth—of the contrasts and characteristics presented by the industry of each contributing nation—of the interest excited abroad and at home by the Crystal Palace and its contents—of the general and comparative physiology of London life during its continuance—of the effect, so far as it is appreciable, of the visits of so many foreigners to our shores, and of their intimate and cordial intercourse with us, and with each other under our auspices—of the advantages, special and general, which have been felt in the several branches of industrial Art—and of the results on the moral and social character of our people,—of all these things there is as yet no satisfactory account. That such a history will one day be written there can be little doubt:—in the mean time, it is desirable that all the material contemporary facts, returns, statistics, notes, opinions, and so forth, shall be collected together,—as many of them are in the Report and Appendices to the Report just presented by the Royal Commissioners to the Secretary of State for the Home Department.

This document is put forth by the Commissioners as their part of the great record. It constitutes what the elder Disraeli would have called the secret history of the Exhibition. It is conceived and written wholly from the official point of view,—so that, without being graphic or exciting in its literary forms, it is full of interest from its facts, its memories, and its suggestions. After reciting the Commission and Charter under which they acted, the Commissioners proceed to tell so much of the great story as concerns themselves, as far as they think it may prove of present interest or of future use. Whether regard be had to the event which is now history, or to those future Exhibitions of science and industry which are likely in due time to follow it, the knowledge acquired by the Commissioners and their agents is most precious. We do not think that all the information and experience so obtained has as yet been put into black and white,—but here is at least a large instalment, and more will no doubt follow in other reports.

When read by true lights scarcely any part of this Report fails in interest. Almost every page yields an odd fact—an unexpected result—the evidence of forethought or the lesson of a mistake. Even the statistics present features which may arrest the attention of the most careless readers. Figures are not abstractions here, as they are in most blue-books,—for they are associated with bright and pleasant memories. They recall days happily and usefully spent,—

minds filled with knowledge and senses satisfied with beauty.

Every one is familiar with a general outline of the early story of the Exhibition. On that subject the Commissioners have added no new facts. They refrain from even alluding to the individuals who claim the honours of its first suggestion. Before the Royal Commission was issued, a contract, as our readers know, was entered into with Messrs. Mundy, by which that firm bound themselves to advance the sums likely to be required for duly carrying out the idea as adopted by the Society of Arts:—a contract favourable in all essential respects to the public, the brilliant success of the Exhibition being then unimagined and unimaginable,—but which was nevertheless very properly cancelled by the Commission in one of its earliest acts. We are here told that the 20,000/- advanced by the contractors for the prize fund and the 2,500/- for general purposes were repaid on the 22nd of November, 1850; and that the question of compensation having been referred by mutual consent to Mr. Stephenson, after a full inquiry into the circumstances, and after hearing counsel on the case, that gentleman awarded 5,120/- and costs to the Messrs. Mundy,—which sum has of course been paid by the Royal Commission.

With the issue of the Royal Commission a new epoch opened. A legislative body was composed of men eminent in public life, and representing all parties in the State,—and the early promoters of the scheme became their Executive. We have hinted that every page of the Report now printed offers its lesson or its suggestion. The very charter of the Commission is an example. As originally issued the royal warrant gave the body who acted under it no power to enter into any contract, nor did it allow them to adopt any means to provide for a deficiency should there be one. In fact, the Commission had no legal standing! These oversights were soon practically felt. When the tenders for the building were sent in, it was found that no one could sign a contract,—and a charter of incorporation had to be sought from the Crown for that purpose. Nor were the necessary powers even then obtained. The idea of a loss on the scheme had occurred to the Commissioners, but not the idea of a gain. Nor was it until after the close of the Exhibition, the payment of outstanding accounts, and the final return of the amount of their treasurer's balance, that they found themselves—like the Vicar of Wakefield's daughters—with money in their pockets, but with no power to expend a farthing of it! A third charter had then to be framed:—and under its sanctions, we may as well add in this place, the Commissioners are now engaged in preparing a scheme, "which they hope shortly to be in a position to submit for Her Majesty's approbation," for the application of the surplus.

In the early stages of the Exhibition the chief attention was necessarily concentrated on two points. The "sinews of war" were wanted. Without money no single step could be taken; yet success was not certain, and Government objected even to offer a guarantee fund. Public confidence was wanted. The Report, however, is silent as to the particulars of such machinery and means as were adopted by the Commissioners for raising subscriptions and enlisting popular interest in the cause. That this was not an easy matter, is well remembered. The Report shows that twenty-six Deputy Commissioners were employed in organizing the country—rousing attention to the importance of the industrial gathering—and putting local committees into direct communication with the Executive Committee. Of the way in which

these preliminary tasks were accomplished we do not remember to have seen any statement in print,—yet we have reason to believe that the experiences of these deputies would make a striking chapter in the history of the Exhibition.

The Report shows, that in all there were appointed no less than 297 local committees in the towns and districts of Great Britain and Ireland. A particular return is made for each of these,—describing its nature, whether town, parish, municipal borough, city, chapelry, village, &c.,—the amount of population—as far as possible the number of subscribers—the gross amount of money reported—the amount paid to the bankers of the Royal Commission—the sums retained for local expenses—the extent of horizontal and vertical space demanded by local committees—the number of applicants for space—the actual allotments of space—the number of persons to whom it was allotted—and the names of the local officers, the chairman, treasurers and secretaries. From the summary of this return it appears that the number of subscribers, except in a few cases, cannot be ascertained. Of 8,111 who are known, the average subscription was about 1*l. 15s. 6d.* a head. Nearly double the entire amount of space was applied for in the first instance. Of the 6,924 persons to whom space was originally allotted, only 63 failed to send in articles for exhibition.

With regard to the subscriptions, there are some curious facts to note. The total amount reported to the Commission was 79,224*l. 13s. 4d.*:—but the sums actually paid into their bankers' hands was only 67,896*l. 12s. 9d.* Thus, more than 11,200/- or nearly fourteen per cent. never found its way to them,—being either unpaid by the original subscribers or retained by the local committees to cover the expenses of management. In the arrangement of any scheme for a future Exhibition it may be of importance to recollect this fact. When the lists are looked at more closely, there appear certain very unaccountable instances of large returns to the public and but small returns to the Bank. For example, Marylebone, warmed by the eloquence of Mr. Cobden, won golden opinions from all sorts of men by what passed as its liberality in the early days of the Exhibition. It published a list of subscriptions amounting to 1,257*l. 10s. 4d.*; which gave it the seventh place in the general list—that is, after London, Westminster, Manchester, Glasgow, Leeds, and Bradford. But we find by the Report now printed that this position was not secured by performance;—for the amount actually forthcoming was only 547*l. 13s. 3d.*—being less than was paid in by such fourth-rate provincial towns as Blackburn and Bolton. Generally speaking there is a wide difference between the two amounts in the London districts. South London, for instance, subscribed 940/- and rendered account of 619*l.* Greenwich subscribed 276*l.*—and paid in 196*l.* Finsbury subscribed 313*l.*—and paid in 205*l.* But in some of the country districts the difference looks more glaring than in the metropolis, the sums being much smaller. Thus, it seems to have cost the people of Ashborne 4*l. 2s.* to send the Commission 17*l. 11s.* Crewkerne sends 10*l.* and keeps back 4*l.* Rochester sends up 1*l. 0s. 8d.* and retains 7*l. 11s. 4d.* Great Marlow sends 8*l.* and retains 7*l.* Ripon sends 15*l.* and keeps back 10*l.* But the case is equally flagrant with some towns of greater importance. Truro subscribed 110*l. 10s.*—and this was quoted by Cornish men as an instance of loyalty and liberality in a town with only 11,034 inhabitants:—but the returns now printed show that "the Duke of Cornwall's men" have paid no

more than 4*l.* 8*s.* 8*d.* to the Commissioners, while they have kept the other 106*l.* 1*s.* 4*d.* in their own pockets. In like manner, Dublin is set down in the printed lists at 406*l.* 4*s.*; but the bankers' book shows that of this gross total it has paid up only a single 5*l.* note,—all the rest being used for "expenses." All the Irish towns exhibit large discrepancies. Even Belfast, the best of them, charges 281*l.* for sending over 300*l.* In some English towns of reputation there are differences which it seems difficult to account for on any satisfactory principle. We can scarcely understand why it should cost Birmingham 396*l.* to collect and transmit to London 500*l.*, while Bath can forward 200*l.* at an expense of 3*l.* 1*s.*

We find some places in the list which have retained the whole amount of their subscriptions. In this class we notice Bakewell, Halsted, East Retford, St. Helens, Wexford and Wallingford:—yet we remember reading in the newspapers of the time a very dashing report of a meeting in the first named town, at which a duke, an earl, and sundry lords and ladies took an active part. There are several towns in which committees were formed which, it now appears, have made no subscription at all. Among this class we find Richmond, Burnley, Carnarvon, Lanark, Luton, &c.—Against these, however, there is a pleasant set-off in the fact, that numerous places forwarded every shilling subscribed to the Bank, making no drawbacks whatever for local expenses.

If we look at what may be called the comparative physiology of these subscription lists, more than one inquiry will suggest itself. Nearly half the entire amount raised was given in London and its outlying districts. Of the remainder it now appears that more than a moiety was subscribed in a narrow strip of country lying between the mouths of the Humber and the Mersey. Thus, from a number of towns containing perhaps less than a twelfth of the population of these islands came more than two-thirds of the money for the Exhibition. Why did the "towns" subscribe more liberally than the "country"? It is generally understood that "broad acres" were hostile to the Exhibition, from a vague notion that it was got up for the benefit of trade exclusively. But, as this fallacy has been dispersed by the event—as all opposition, except that of Col. Sibthorpe, had vanished long before the Crystal Palace closed its gates on the public—it would be instructive to the organizers of any future scheme, having to work with similar materials, to have the nature, force and extent of that opposition—its logic, temper, and consistency—clearly stated. The fact is admitted that nearly all the money aid, the active sympathy, the steady co-operation which the Commissioners obtained, were received from the towns;—and, if the reason of this is not to be exclusively found—as we cannot think it is—in the greater intelligence, liberality and loyalty of these latter, but to some extent at least in a local and temporary misconception, it would be well to have this fact generally recognized.

But if the comparative phenomena severally exhibited in relation to this great enterprise by town and country be explainable on the above supposition, what hypothesis will explain the difference of spirit, energy and intelligence between one town and another having the same general features? Take for the sake of illustration Blackburn and Burnley. These towns are situated in the same part of Lancashire, only ten miles distant; the same railway passes through both; they are engaged in the same manufactures; and they are both thriving towns. Committees, we notice, were named in both. All the conditions, therefore, appear to have been similar;

but the result, as shown in these returns, is, that Blackburn collected 820*l.* while Burnley collected nothing! Who can account for this? If the reason can be given, surely it would be of future use, as well as of present interest, to have it known. Bolton and Rochdale offer a similar contrast. These places are near together,—the same political sentiments prevail in them,—their interests in the Exhibition were identical. Yet, the first contributed to the nett fund 664*l.*—the last nothing. There must, as we fancy, be some reasonable explanation of these and similar facts.

Having secured the necessary amount of public support, the Commissioners consulted with the local committees and used their advice in determining the most critical points. Few questions arising out of the Exhibition have been more discussed than the policy of affixing prices to the articles shown. The Royal Commissioners came to conclusions, the soundness of which scientific men have disputed; and as we on a former occasion [*Athen.* No. 1233] quoted an opinion of Mr. Babbage's against their decision, it is only right that we should allow our readers to peruse the justification offered by themselves.—

"Another question which attracted much attention from the Local Committees and the intending exhibitors related to the affixing of prices to articles exhibited. By some it was desired that it should be made compulsory to affix the price to every article, others thought it should be left free to each exhibitor to do so if he pleased, while others again were of opinion that the affixing of prices ought to be absolutely prohibited. The Commissioners were fully aware of the importance of taking the element of price into consideration in judging of the relative merits of different articles, and they gave instructions to the several Juries to regard cheapness of production as a proper object of distinction. They were not, however, prepared to call upon exhibitors in all cases to affix prices, partly because they were unwilling that the Exhibition should bear the appearance of a bazaar for the sale of goods, and partly because of the impossibility of laying down any rule which should secure uniformity and prevent deception in the mode of stating the price. The price of any article, unlike its size or weight, is not a fixed and easily ascertained quality, but must depend upon a great number of circumstances which are constantly varying, such as the state of the market, the extent of the demand, the amount of credit given, or the rate of profit usually aimed at. Even the cost price cannot always be regarded as fixed, for it will vary according to the quantity made, while a still graver objection to its being called for arises from the impossibility of verifying the correctness of the price given without inquiries, which it would be far beyond the power of such a body as the Commission to institute. For these reasons, they decided to dispense with, and even to forbid, the affixing of prices to articles exhibited, though they did not interfere to prevent each exhibitor taking such steps for publishing the prices of the goods exhibited by him as he might think proper. In cases where cheapness of production was put forward as a ground of distinction, the Juries were intrusted with the duty of investigating the accuracy of the prices stated."

Passing now from these preliminary matters over the details and business of the actual Exhibition to the final summaries,—we notice one or two other points of interest. The total number of season tickets sold, it appears, amounted to 25,065; of which number, contrary to what we believe to the general supposition, less than a moiety was held by ladies—the proportions being, ladies' tickets 12,111; gentlemen's 13,494. While referring to the proportion of the sexes, we may as well add in this place, from a note to the Commissioners' report, that 270 gallons of eau de Cologne, acqua d'oro and other scents were distributed—duty free—in the building; that more than 500 lb. weight of snuff and 250 lb.

weight of cigars were "tasted" away in the Portuguese, Turkish, and American departments; and that the children were feasted on chocolate drops in the Saxony, French, and Turkish divisions to a large extent.

But to go back to the more curious facts developed by the Exhibition:—prophecies have been baffled and calculations traversed at every stage of the scheme. Who does not recollect what reputations were staked on such assertions as, that the Crystal Palace would come down in the first wind "like a pack of cards"—that the sudden increase of "animalization" in the capital would produce a pestilence—that the French republicans would carry off the Queen or the Koh-i-noor—that the Chartists would rise in rebellion? There were, however, other fears and fallacies shared in by more reasonable people which were nevertheless as signally falsified by the event. Speculative persons could not fancy London large enough to absorb so many visitors,—and the wisdom of erecting tents in Hyde Park was seriously considered. The first shilling day was to have been overwhelming. The crowds of workmen were to behave very ill. The aristocracy were to retire from the Crystal Palace in disgust. Sixty thousand persons were to cram the building to suffocation. The reduction in the price of season tickets was to bring in a large income. The public were to weary of the collection—interest was to fall away—before the period of its close. The minor Exhibitions were to be ruined—the shopkeepers were all to suffer in their trade. How all these and many other similar predictions were overruled, is matter of grateful and surprising recollection—and will now become history.

The number of visits paid to the Crystal Palace up to the 11th of October was 6,063,986. It is, of course, impossible to ascertain how many separate visitors these six millions of visits represent; but it is shown to be probable that about two millions of persons entered the Crystal Palace. Here again we meet with an unexpected result. For months before the building in Hyde Park was ready, foreign journals brought such glowing accounts of preparation—the fancies of our artists had covered the shop-windows with so many pictorial representations of foreign costumes in our streets and gardens—that the public expected something like a migration of races, and even sober persons reckoned the probable inflow from "all nations" at a million souls. A summary, however, of the lists furnished by all the captains of steamers plying between English and Continental ports to the Home Office shows, that from April the 1st to September the 30th the arrivals of aliens from all parts of the world—including Americans, the number of these being supplied by the United States Legation—amounted to only 58,427. From these should be deducted those who came to England not to see the Exhibition, but for ordinary reasons:—and taking this fraction at the rate of the previous year, 15,514, there will be left 42,913 as the number of those who crossed the seas for the purpose of inspecting the contents of the Crystal Palace. On examining the separate returns, we observe that the largest number of visitors compared with population came to us from Holland, the next from Belgium; then follow in order France, Germany, Switzerland, the United States, and so on down to China, from which the total arrivals were 8. Of positive numbers, however, France sent the largest; the States already named being represented in London respectively thus:—France by 27,200—Germany by 10,400—United States by 5,000—Belgium by 3,700—Holland by 2,900 persons.

A permanent advantage as regards rapid communication with France, the Upper Rhine, Italy, and the East remains to the public from the experiments tried in connexion with the Exhibition:—as the daily steamers across the Channel which placed London and Paris within eleven hours of each other, and the arrangements in the interior of France which reduced the journey from London to Marseilles to two days, are still successfully maintained.

It is not easy to estimate in any fashion not liable to some errors the number of provincial visitors, or the permanent addition to the usual population of the metropolis. But a rough calculation may be made, such as will suffice for curiosity, if not for science. The arrivals in London can be ascertained with considerable accuracy,—as very few come in otherwise than by steamboat and railway, the numbers of which are at all times carefully ascertained:—how many of these are Londoners returning from the country is unknown. However, the total of arrivals during the six months of the Exhibition, was 4,237,240 against 2,791,753 in the same period of the previous year. The whole difference here shown cannot, however, be fairly set down to the special attraction in Hyde Park,—for there is a natural increase in railway traffic every year, an increase not depending on causes so particular and temporary as the Exhibition. Taking this natural increase at 14·37 per cent., and deducting this rate from the London arrivals, the excess of 1851 justly attributable to the Exhibition will appear to be 1,033,100 persons. On the supposition that London itself furnished not more than a million of the visitors, it follows that the immigrant provincial population went on an average each person three times to the Crystal Palace.

A point on which considerable interest has been expressed, and, as it now appears, very wild conjectures have been hazarded, is, the value of the late contents of the Crystal Palace. In June last year estimates varied from twelve to fifty millions,—and all sorts of calculations were made on the supposition that the value did not fall below the first of these amounts. An Appendix, No. 36, to the Commissioners' Report disperses this gorgeous dream somewhat rudely; for we there find that, taking each individual's own estimate of the value of his work or possession, the whole falls short of two millions, the precise figures being 1,781,929l. 11s. 4d. From this estimate the fabulous Koh-i-noor is excluded,—but no other article in the Exhibition. This failure of the popular imagination in its attempt to appraise so many articles in the gross is, however, but one more evidence of the want and the worth of that vast and varied experience gained out of the Crystal Palace. Where all was so grand, so complicated, so original, it was impossible to avoid mistakes and misapprehensions of many kinds. Without precedent, without independent means, without time to risk experiments, the whole scheme had to be created and executed. In our time there has been no other such triumph of zeal, wisdom, and genius. Hostility had to be overcome—apathy shaken—lukewarmness fired—interest excited—sympathy obtained—before even foundation was secured. When we call to mind with how much derision and contempt the scheme, at the site, the details were met at first—and then think of the loud chorus of triumph in which it closed—every hostile voice silenced in presence of the majestic result—the whole story seems like a piece of enchantment.—Few themes in this century would better reward the labours of a truly philosophic historian than the Great Exhibition of 1851.

India in Greece; or, Truth in Mythology: containing the Sources of the Hellenic Race, the Colonization of Egypt and Palestine, the Wars of the Grand Lama, and the Bud'histic Propaganda in Greece. By E. Pococke, Esq. Griffin & Co.

OUR readers may perhaps remember the satirical tract of one of our well-known writers, who undertook to show that the Greeks and the Romans talked English. The name of Peloponnesus he averred was merely Pail-up-and-ease-us,—Alexander the Great was All-eggs-under-the-grate,—and Archimedes, Hark-ye-maids. We will not repeat the grotesque ingenuities by which he explains and shows the truth of these derivations. Such things, however, have not always been done in banter. It is not many years since a book was written to prove seriously that the language of all our proverbs and nursery rhymes was Low Dutch,—and this startling theory was supported by the same process of transforming the words of the originals.

Such exactly is the style of argument in which Mr. Pococke shines in the book before us. With an excessive rage for generalizing upon single facts, and finding resemblances and analogies where none exist, he proceeds in a very unceremonious manner to establish new notions of history which will not fail to astonish all sober-minded individuals. Ethnologists trace the peoples of Europe as offsets from a great race established at a very remote period in Central Asia,—and linguists know that Greek and Sanscrit came originally from the same source, but had each taken the forms under which we know them after a long separation, and under a several and gradual development. The analogies between them are discovered by a careful scientific comparison,—not by the sort of hap-hazard pulling to pieces of words which is ridiculed in the Pail-up-and-ease-us, &c. tract of the satirist.—To show the identity of such derivations with those of Mr. Pococke, we need only give a sample or two from the latter,—premising that the whole volume is an enormous mass of the same commodity.

Paleæthon was not, we are told, a Greek compound signifying old land, as we have been accustomed to suppose, but *Pali-cthon*, the land of Pali. The Ozole of Ætolia were *Ooksh-wale*, or people from the Oxus. Corinthus was *Cor-Indus*, the people of the Cori-Indus. Achilles, whose name is treated in a similar manner, is stated to have been “sprung from a splendid Rajpoot stock.” The Euxine Sea was named from the Ookshainos, or chiefs of the Oxus. Philippus, King of Macedon, was, we are told, *Bhilis-pos*, the Bhil-prince. Cœdipus was *Aidyapos*, the Veda lord; and Eteocles and Polynices are declared to be mere corruptions of *Etyo-cl-es*, the chief of the Brahminical tribe, and *Pala-nag-es*, the prince of the Naga chiefs. As for Pythagoras, who was a personification of Crishna, his name was nothing but *Bud'ha-gooroo*, Budha's spiritual teacher!

We need not enter further into such wild nonsense. Mr. Pococke is bewildered by the undigested mass of his own learning,—and we would warn our readers against all ingenious speculations of this kind, however boldly they may be stated.

The Wanderer in Syria. By George William Curtis. Bentley.

It is about a year since we noticed a book of Eastern travel called ‘*Nile Notes*’—evidently by a new writer, and evincing his possession of various gifts and graces,—warmth of imagination, power of poetic colouring, and a quick perception of the ludicrous in character and in incident. We assumed that an author of so much

promise would be heard of again in the literary arena; and accordingly he is now before us as “The Wanderer in Syria,” and has further announced a third work under the suggestive title of ‘*Lotus-Eating*.’ ‘*The Wanderer*’ is continuation of the author’s travels,—and is divided between the Desert, Jerusalem, and Damascus. It is in the same style of poetic reverie and sentimental scene-painting as ‘*Nile Notes*,’—but it shows that Mr. Curtis has more than one string to his harp. The characteristic of his former volume was, a low, sad monotone—the music of the Memnon, in harmony with the changeless sunshine and stagnant life of Egypt—with the silence of its sacred river and the sepulchral grandeur of its pyramids and buried cities. The Wanderer, on the contrary, is never melancholy. There is in him a prevailing sense of repose, but the spirit breathes easily and the languid hour is followed by bracing winds from Lebanon. There is the same warm sunshine,—but the gorgeous colours and infinite varieties of Eastern life are presented with greater vivacity and grace. We cannot but think, however, that the humour is here less airy and effective. Verde Giovane amused us in Egypt,—but we find him a bore in Syria:—nor do we think the Quaker, Frende, with his passion for reptiles and consequent love of damp places, a success. But this may be as much the fault of the theme as that of the artist. Humours show themselves against the dark background of the Pyramids which would take no shape in the water-gardens of Damascus.

After this prelude, we shall let Mr. Curtis speak for himself as much as possible. He has no story to tell,—and scarcely any sequence in his memoranda;—but dip where we will, there is something to reward our trouble. Here in a few words is the picture of an Oriental Mosque. It is full of poetic beauty.—

“ You will go daily to the bazaar, because its picturesque suggestions are endless, and because the way leads you by the spacious mosques, broadly striped with red and blue, and because in the shaded silence of the interior you will see the strange spectacle of a house of God made also a house of man. There congregate the poor and homeless, and ply their trades. At nightfall, as some rich pilgrim turns away, he orders the Sakkâ, or water-carrier, to distribute the contents of his water-skin among the poor. In the silence, and under the stars, as he pours the water into the wooden bowls of the beggars, the Sakkâ exclaims, ‘Hasten, O thirsty, to the ways of God!’—then breaks into a mournful singing—‘ Paradise and forgiveness be the lot of him who gave you this water.’ By day and night a fountain plays in the centre of the court, singing and praising God. The children play with it, and sleep upon the marble pavement. The old men croon in the shadow, and moulder in the sun. The birds flutter and fly, and alight upon the delicate points of the ornaments; and wheeling, the pavement ripples in their waving shadow. Five times a day the Muezzin calls from the minaret, ‘God is great, come to prayer;’ and at midnight, ‘prayer is better than sleep;’ and at day-break, ‘blessing and peace be upon thee, O Prophet of God, O comely of countenance.’ ”

Every scribbling “Howadji” loves to try his hand at a desert—as every boy-poet seizes on the ocean. Would our readers, familiar or unfamiliar with the Desert of Warburton and Miss Martineau, of St. John and Wilkinson, like to pass a day at El Harish with our vivacious and rhetorical American Traveller?—

“ There came suddenly a strip of green land. It was like a branch of flowers yet fresh, drifting out to a ship at sea. The birds sang clearly in the early morning, high over our heads flashing in the bright air. The damp sand was delicately printed with the tracks of birds. The desert lay around us in low hillocks, like the long billows of a retiring ocean. The air blew fresh and sweet from the west. Fresh and sweet, for it was the breath of the Mediterranean. And suddenly we came upon green land. The coun-

try was like a rolling pasture. Grass and dandelions and a myriad of familiar wild flowers, lay, wreaths of welcome, at our feet. There were clumps of palms and single acacias. The cactus, also, that we call Indian fig, shapeless, prickly, but full of the sun and fat with promise. The wind blew, the birds sang, the trees waved. They were the outposts of Life, whence it nodded and beckoned to us, and threw us flowers as we emerged from the death of the desert. It was a dream in beauty and in fleetness. MacWhirter,—incarnate common sense,—bore us straight through the dream into the desert again. They receded, they sank into vapoury distance, those beautiful forms,—the waving trees, the singing birds. Yet they were Palestine, they the symbols of the Holy Land. Promises and hopes, they sing and wave upon the ending desert, and I greeted them as the mariner in that ship at sea greets the south and romantic Spain, in the bough of blossoms floating by him. The strip of green land passed, and we entered upon pure Sahara. It was the softest, most powdery sand; tossed by light winds it drew sharp angles,—glittering white angles, against the dense blue. The last trace of green vanished as we passed deeper among the ridges. The world was a chaotic ocean of sparkling white sand. The desert was, in that moment, utter and hopeless desert, but was never desert again. Bare, and still, and bright, it was soft beyond expression, in the fitful game of shadows played upon it by the sun,—for vapours were gathering overhead. Suddenly, around one of the sharp angles,—and I could not, until then, tell if it were near or far,—suddenly a band of armed Arabs came riding towards us. They curvetted, and dashed, and caroled upon spirited horses, leaping, and running, and prancing around imperturbable MacWhirter and El Shiraz, who plodded sublimely on. The Arabs came close to us, and greeted our men with endless kissings and salaams. They chatted and called aloud; their weapons flashed and rattled, their robes flowed in the wind,—then suddenly like a cloud of birds they wheeled from us,—

"Tirra, tirra! tirra, tirra!"

Sang Sir Lancelot'

and away they sped over the horizon. We plodded on. The eyes of Khadra smiled delight at the glittering party as it disappeared. The Armenian's little white mare paced toilingly through the loose sand. It was high noon, and advancing silently, we passed over the new horizon of the ridges and came upon a plain of hard sand. Not far away lay a town of white stone houses, and the square walls of a fort—and beyond them all, the lustrous line of the sea. It was El Harish, on the edge of the desert. The boys and girls ran out and surrounded us with staring curiosity. Some were running horses, some passed upon little donkeys, and others were unloading camels. Then came a swarthy-faced official in tattered garments. He demanded our passports, and to him, only lamenting that 'the shadow of God upon earth' had dwindled to such as this, we delivered them. Under the crescent moon the camp was pitched. And under the crescent moon all Arabia was but a sea-beach. For unmitigated sand lay from the Mediterranean to the Euphrates. The curious children flocked out of the town, and watched with profound attention the ceremony of infidel tea-making, and the dinner of unbelievers. The Muezzin called from the minaret, and the children left us to the sky, and the sand, and the sea. The Mediterranean called to us through the darkness. The moonlight was so vague that the sea and the desert were blent. The world was sunk in mysterious haze. We were encamped, it seemed, on the very horizon, and looked off into blank space. After the long silence of the desert, it was strange to hear the voice of the sea. It was Homer's sea, the only sea of romance and fame; over which Helen sailed, and the Argonauts—out of which sailed Columbus. It was St. John's sea and Alexander's—Hadrian's and the Crusaders'. Upon its shore stood Carthage, and across its calm, the Syrens sang. These fames and figures passed. But a poet's words remained.—

I love all waste

And solitary places, where we taste
The pleasure of believing what we see

Is boundless, as we wish our souls to be."

Further on, we have Jerusalem transferred to paper.—

"Within the walls, Jerusalem is among the most

picturesque of cities. It is very small. You can walk quite round it in less than an hour. There are only some seventeen thousand inhabitants, of whom nearly half are Jews. The material of the city is a cheerful stone, and so massively are the lofty, blind house walls laid, that, in pacing the more solitary streets, you seem to be threading the mazes of a huge fortress. Often the houses extend over the street, which winds under them in dark archways, and where there are no overhanging buildings, there are often supports of masonry thrown across from house to house. There are no windows upon the street, except a few picturesque, projecting lattices. Jerusalem is an utter ruin. The houses, so fair in seeming, are often all crumbled away upon the interior. The arches are shattered, and vines and flowers wave and bloom down all the vistas. The streets are never straight for fifty rods; but climb and wind with broken steps, and the bold buildings thrust out buttressed corners, graced with luxuriant growths, and arched with niches for statue and fountain. It is a mass of 'beautiful bits,' as artists say. And you will see no fairer sight in the world than the groups of brilliantly draped Orientals emerging into the sun, from the vine-fringed darkness of the arched ways. * * The beautiful building stands within a spacious inclosure of green lawn and arcades. Olive, orange and cypress trees grow around the court, which, in good sooth, is 'a little heaven below,' for the Muslim, who lie dreaming in the soft shade, from morning to night. It is a foretaste of Paradise, in kind, except the hours. For, although the mosques are not forbidden to women, Mohammad said it would be better for them to have prayers read by eunuchs in their own apartments. In the picturesque gloom and brightness of the city, the mosque is a dream of heaven also, even to the unbelievers. There are many entrances, and as you saunter under the dark archways of the streets, and look suddenly up a long dim arcade, upon the side, you perceive, closing the vista, the sunny green of the mosque grounds, and feel the warm air stealing outward from its silence, and see the men and women and children praying under the trees."

Sang Sir Lancelot'

Our 'Howadjî' writes with fervour of the beauty of Damascus, as "the garden of the Orient" burst on his view for the first time. The very atmosphere of the East floats above his picture,—but we prefer to follow him for a final sample of his wares into one of the famous water-cafés of that city.—

"Everywhere in the humming gush of fountains you hear the low musical laughter of Undine. Thus, through the heart of the city, the cool cedars of Lebanon sing their shade. The flashing jets in the silent and sunny courts, like winks of that glancing spirit, soothe your mind long before you suspect the reason. In the bazaars and chief streets that laugh is stifled, but when you turn aside, just outside the bazaars, and pass beyond the gates, you are on the banks of Abana and Pharpar, rivers of Damascus. In this realm of water, are the cafés, of which, sipping a *petit verre* in the Algerine Café, upon the Parisian Boulevards, and looking at the Arab women there, some Howadjî have vaguely dreamed. But nothing in civilised cities reminds you of these resorts. They are open spaces upon the banks of the streams, shielded by heavy foliated trees from the sun, and secluded entirely from any noise but that of rushing water. The finest café is entered through a large room, whose walls are striped in the usual manner, and which is furnished with shabby stools, and multitudes of nargilehs, chibouques, and glass cups for sherbet and coffee. It opens into a cool, green seclusion, through which shoots a flashing stream, crossed by a little bridge. No café in the world, elsewhere, can offer a luxury so exquisite. In the hot day it proffers coolness and repose. We sit upon the little bridge, and through the massive foliage around us, catch gleams of the colour upon the nearest walls. The passionate sun cannot enter unrestrained; but he dashes his spindrift against the trees, and they distil it in flickering drops of intense brightness upon the smooth, hard, black ground. We have his beauty, but not his blaze. Supreme luxury! Even the proud sun shall help to cool us by the vivid contrast of the flecks of his light, with the mellow shadow in which we sit. Be-

neath leaps the swift river, gurgling gladness as it shoots, like a joyful boy in running. It sweeps for ever around an old greened wall below. It is for ever overhung by blossoming figs, and waving vines, and almonds which bower it as it passes, far over-leaning to hear its forest tales of Lebanon. Around us sit figures clad in rainbow brilliance, which, in placing there, Nature has preceded Art and satisfied imagination. We sip sherbet of roses or smooth Mocha coffee. Nera! It is the fountained Kiosk of Damascus. Yet these resorts, with all their shabby stools and coarse matting, convey a finer sense of luxury than any similar attempt in Western life. In view of the purpose desired, these cafés are the triumph of art, although nothing can be simpler and ruder than the whole structure. They are the broadest and most obvious strokes in the adaptation of natural advantages to the greatest enjoyment. The streams are as wild as mountain brooks, the trees as untrimmed as in the forest, yet the combination satisfies the strongest desire of a hot climate—coolness and repose. These resorts are the country serving the city, but not emasculated of its original character. It serves the city as a negro slave clad in his native costume, in bright trinkets and with braided hair, serves the citizen. As London in its vast parks secures for itself the crown of city luxury, namely, the unchanged aspect of fields and woods, so that awaking upon Regent's Park, you shall seem, in the lowing and tranquil grazing of cattle, and in the singing of birds in the morning silence, to be a hundred miles from men, so is it here, except that here is the golden atmosphere of romance and of the natural picturesque. But the London parks are only pastoral landscapes hung upon the city walls. The cafés of Damascus are passionate poems. There is the difference between a mild-eyed milkmaid and the swart magnificence of Zenobia."

We have quoted enough to warrant our praises past and present. Mr. Curtis's fault is that of Ovid—an over-lusciousness of style—to great a fondness for colour. He cloys the appetite with sweetness. His aim as a writer should be, to obtain a greater depth and variety of manner—more of contrast in his figures. He is rich in natural gifts, and time and study will probably develop him what is yet wanting of artistic skill and taste.

Letter addressed to the Lord Viscount Mahon, M.P., President of the Society of Antiquaries, on the Propriety of reconsidering the Resolutions of that Society which regulate the Payments from the Fellows. By John Bruce, Esq. Nichols & Son.

A few days since the leader of the House of Commons told the public from his place in Parliament that in these times learned Societies do not necessarily consist of learned men. The phrase has stirred the torpidity of various members of those bodies,—and protests and explanations have appeared in the daily papers. These, however, have only proved that the sarcasm is pointed with the sting of truth. Were an elaborate justification of Mr. Disraeli's words required, Mr. Bruce's very able and conclusive Letter would furnish it.—Mr. Bruce, however, must not be supposed to have got his inspiration from Mr. Disraeli. The spirit of an earnest archæologist had long since taught him by what instruments alone archæology can work to any valuable results,—and in his capacity of Treasurer to the Society of Antiquaries he has looked carefully into its financial history, and found the confirmation of figures to the argument which his common sense had suggested.

Reform of our learned Societies is no new theme to readers of the *Athenæum*. For years we have been urging on all who would listen to us the necessity for a sweeping change in these chartered bodies—so many of which, grown old and wealthy, timid and "respectable," have ceased to discharge their functions or to meet any of the wants which originally called

them into existence. When we began to draw the attention of our readers to the matter, most of these Societies had lost their distinctive character. The Royal Society had almost ceased to consist of men of science—the Society of Antiquaries of men of learning—the Royal Society of Literature of men of letters. Retired merchants, country gentlemen, physicians seeking a bait for practice, lawyers, and nondescript persons of all classes had by mere power of money bought up the diplomas which belong of strict right only to culture and genius. The cabalistic initials had lost their virtue. The honours of the Societies, like the honours of Knighthood, fell into contempt with men of real eminence,—and it was evident that without a reform they must gradually decay.

What the Society of Arts has done to distinguish itself as a real and living agency, no reader of ours needs now to be told. It has written its name in the history of the country,—and is showing every day that it has no intention to slumber on its one great feat. The Royal Society has done somewhat—though as yet not much—to retrieve its character. The time for the Society of Antiquaries has at length come. The spirit of reform has arisen in the heart of the Council,—and the chief argument for it is got out of the cash-box. Mr. Bruce, treasurer to the Society, has long been convinced by the state of the lists and balance-sheets that its policy for forty years and more has been unwise in principle and disastrous in practice,—and he now proposes to revise the statutes, with view to infuse new life into the body corporate, and to render the Society of Antiquaries in fact and in service what it has long been by charter and by pretension—the river-head of historical and antiquarian lore in this country.

As a preliminary to his scheme of reform, Mr. Bruce dwells with zest on the cultivation of his favourite science in past times:—and begins with a history of the early growth of this Society,—which may interest many of our readers to whom the particulars are unknown.—

"I will not dwell upon the history of the early Society of Antiquaries, which claims its origin from Archbishop Parker. That such a Society existed is unquestionable, and that it numbered among its members men who will ever be illustrious in the history of English literature,—Camden, Cotton, Spelman, Andrewes, Hakewill, Lambard, and many others whose names must secure honour to any body of which they formed part. The unwise and suspicious illiberality of King James I. suppressed that Society; and, although Mr. Hunter, a true successor of these famous men, has lately made it apparent that at the close of his reign James I. gave countenance to a scheme for the revival of the Society in a form congenial to his pedantic mind, there is little reason to suppose that the Society was ever really restored until Peter Le Neve called his friends around him at the Bear Tavern, in the Strand, in 1707.

During the next ten years the Young Devil and the Fountain, both of them taverns in Fleet Street, shared the favours of the associated antiquaries. They met on Fridays, and passed the evenings, from six to ten, in meetings less dignified than those over which your Lordship now so worthily presides, but equally suited to the taste of the times and to the habits and manners of persons of education and respectability. From 1717 their meetings became more regular. Le Neve was duly installed President; Dr. Stukeley, whose portrait now occupies so large a space in our coffee-room, was Secretary; Mr. John Talman, Director; and Mr. Samuel Gale their Treasurer. At this time an admission fee was imposed of 10s. 6d. and a monthly payment of 1s. The number of members in 1717 was 23, and in the year following 45. In 1724 Algernon Seymour, Earl of Hertford, and afterwards Duke of Somerset, succeeded as President. The Society continued to assemble at a tavern, and from 1719 fixed itself for many years at the Mitre Tavern, in Fleet Street,

where it held its meetings after the conclusion of those of the Royal Society. In 1750 Martin Folkes was elected President, and the Society petitioned King George II. for a charter of incorporation. It was granted in 1751; and at that time the Society consisted of 122 members. The expenses of obtaining the charter were defrayed by a fee of 2l. 2s. paid by each of the old members on being elected Fellows of the chartered Society; and the payments by new members were fixed at 5l. 5s. admission fee, 1l. 1s. annual subscription, and 10s. 10s. composition. In 1770 the Society completed its first volume of "Archæologin." Looking forward to continue that work as a regular biennial publication, the annual payment was now raised to 1l. 11s. 6d. and the composition to 15l. 15s., but the admission fee was continued at 5l. 5s. A few years afterwards the Society entered upon the publication of Vertue's Historical Plates; and in 1777 the subscription was again raised to 2l. 2s. and the composition to 22l. 1s. The acknowledged and unquestionable value of the Society's labours at this period of its history recruited its ranks with rapidity, and procured for it the favour of its "patronus munificus" King George III. From 1753 it had occupied a house in Chancery Lane, the rent of which was a considerable item in its annual balance-sheet. In 1782 it was relieved from this weighty charge by a royal grant of those handsome and commodious apartments in Somerset House which it has occupied from that time to the present day."

Mr. Bruce then proceeds to contrast the past history of the Society of Antiquaries with its present position and prospects. This tale is told in figures,—told with a clearness, cogency, and truth which will carry conviction to every reasonable mind. From 1751 to 1807 the number of members rose from 122 to 813; from 1807 to 1851 they fell from 813 to 484. This middle term was the golden age of the Society. Up to the year named its success had been gradual and continuous,—after it, there was fluctuation for a few years, then rapid and irretrievable decline. Its stock was then 9,000/-; in 1851 it was 6,656/- In 1806 its income was 1,882/-; in 1851 it was 1,467/- In 1806 the disbursements were 2,032/-; in 1851 they were 1,021/- In 1806 the Council paid more to artists and printers alone than their whole outlay in 1851,—though the salaries were above 200/- more in the latter year than they were in the former.

The reason—as we think Mr. Bruce has proved—why the Society was active, wealthy, useful, and numerically powerful in 1806, and is not so now in an equal degree—is, that up to 1807 the operations of the Council had been fixed on a moderate financial basis. The subscription was then 2l. 2s. a year, the entrance fee 5l. 5s., the composition 20 guineas. But a fatal resolution was taken to raise the amount of the subscriptions. It was war time—a time of lavish expenditure, public and private. From that moment, however, public interest began to fail the Society. It had passed its prime,—unless, indeed, it shall be "born again" under the judicious care of its present treasurer. We never saw a statement that on the face of it seemed clearer than the one before us. The change of 1807 "took the Society in the full flow of its fortunes. It checked their onward current. It drove them back." For the five years previous to the change, the new members were 198; in the next five years they were only 129; in the five following they fell to 94. The receipts of course fell with the members; and the income from doubled subscriptions is now far below what it was before the advance.

Then, comes the real point of the matter. The falling off in numbers was not the worst evil resulting from the change. To the men of fortune who enter such Societies for the sake of the literary distinctions which they confer the difference of subscription was of no great mo-

ment;—to the "poor scholar" it was an obstacle equal to a law of exclusion. On entering the Society of Antiquaries, a Fellow has the option of paying 50/- down in one sum, or 12l. 12s. down and 4l. 4s. a year ever afterwards; and, as Mr. Bruce assures us on his personal knowledge, these are payments which keep many able and deserving antiquaries from enrolling themselves on the books at Somerset House. This rule, therefore, is a mistake, financial and moral. A Society of Antiquaries which by its high scale of admission closes its doors against men of learning is a solecism in sense and an absurdity in principle.

Mr. Bruce's theory of reform is simplicity itself. He has traced the evil to the changes of 1807—he would cancel those changes. The four-guinea subscription is, as he finds, ruining the Society—he would restore the original rate. This alteration would, he considers, open the Society to the members of other antiquarian bodies, London and provincial—of whom there are some thousands; and it would thus prepare the way for a more active and serviceable future.

We are glad to find that the President and Council have adopted the views so ably put before them by the Treasurer. It could not be otherwise:—figures more logical and eloquent we never saw. On the 11th instant, Mr. Bruce's suggestions were reduced into the formal shape of recommendations from the Council to the Society,—and in that shape they were read at the usual sitting on Thursday week. As our report in another column will show, a somewhat stormy debate ensued,—and Mr. Pettigrew (who is not a member of the Council, and therefore is probably imperfectly acquainted with the facts on which its decision was based) gave notice that on Thursday next, when the policy of reverting to the old prices will be put to a general vote, he will submit a motion of an opposite nature to that proposed by the Treasurer and accepted by the Council. It is for the general body of members to say what course shall be adopted. If they wish the Society of Antiquaries to prosper, they will not ignore the lessons of experience. If they wish it to die out, they may reckon with some certainty how long it will take to expire under the present high prices. There are now 484 members. In 44 years of double payments it has lost 329. The calculation is one of the easiest in arithmetic.—But Mr. Bruce has examined, and presented, his figures on all sides:—and before the final vote is taken on a matter which we believe vitally affects the fortunes of this Society—and may have great influence as an example on others—we earnestly recommend its members—Mr. Pettigrew amongst the number—to a careful and conscientious perusal of their Treasurer's Letter to the President.

A Buckeye Abroad. By Samuel S. Cox. New York, Putnam.

THAT a "Buckeye" has to support a character for upright downright speaking, enthusiasm regardless of expense, rough and ready spirits and an untold warmth, height and depth of patriotism,—may be inferred from this book of European travels; in which Mr. Samuel S. Cox narrates how in company with Mr. Philo Buckingham and two ladies he made the round of the "old country" and the grand tour of the Continent last year. The main object of the party's curiosity in England was, of course, the Great Exhibition:—among the marvels and curiosities of which the Buckeye "spits fire and spouts rain" so brilliantly that some of his pages concerning the Crystal Palace may be placed next to Mr. Warren's as specimens of florid rapture. We shall, however, exhibit the

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tourist in more serious company than that of the Hyde Park building.—

"Through the kindness of our Minister, Mr. Lawrence, I received a ticket for the House of Commons. By its potency, I found myself at five last evening occupying (perhaps by mistake) a seat in the little lobby connected with and reserved for the House of Lords. The galleries above were pretty full, mostly of Americans; for strangers from the Continent seldom visit the 'Commons.' My company was rather more aristocratic than I had been accustomed to. However, taking a stranger's privilege, I learned from my right-hand man, whom I afterwards found out to be Lord Lyndhurst, the late Lord High Chancellor, and from those in front, one of whom was the Earl of Minto, late Ambassador to Rome, and father-in-law of the Premier, all I wanted to know as to the rules and constitution of the House, repaying them in kind, by answering their queries as to our legislative assemblies. Let me here say, that however exclusive the English nobility seem in the streets and in their houses, there is a perfect courtesy and urbanity among those whom I here observed. There was a full attendance of the Commons, and a large number of the Upper House present, to hear the discussion on the Catholic Bill. The House is opposite Westminster Abbey. You reach the Hall through long passages guarded by several porters. It is not much larger than our Senate room in Columbus, rather longer, not so wide. There is but one desk under the Speaker's chair, in which three wiggled gentlemen sit scribbling. The Speaker is gowned and wiggled. He is a large, red-faced, thick-tongued old Saxon, full of verbosity and consequence. He is the only member who has his hat off. It strikes an American strangely, to see the deliberative gravity of the greatest power in Christendom sitting ranged in seats with their hats on. This custom will, perhaps, account for the number of bald heads among the English. You cannot see their eyes or faces except when they arise to speak. At first blush one is apt to condemn the assembly as a convention of stupidity and carelessness. Yet there is an agreeable surprise in finding so much ease, and, compared to my previous fancy, so very little formality in the arrangement and conduct of the House." * * * The motion pending was that of Tom Duncombe, as he is familiarly known—a Radical, and a genuine trump, besides being a handsome, black-eyed, black-haired, graceful personage. Mr. Duncombe had moved that the first clause of the bill, punishing those who take titles under the Pope, be postponed until the House should be in possession of the brief, rescript, or letters apostolical, upon which the enacting clause was founded; and he proceeded to make what was called a decided hit, between wind and water. He poured hot shot right over the heads and into the eyes of the ministers, charging them with deserting the principles of the Emancipation Act of 1829, and denouncing the preamble to the present bill compared with that of 1829 as miserable, wretched, narrow-minded, and pettifogging. The speech was directed to the subject of the motion. He contended that mere public notoriety or 'common clamour' (to use the Saxon) was not the evidence for grave legislation. This speech called out the legal advisers of the Government, who played the game of stave-off nicely. The Solicitor-General is a tall, white-headed, good-natured man, of imperfect enunciation. Indeed, I noticed that very few of the speakers failed to stutter a good deal. D'Israeli was a perfect stammerer throughout. What he said was pointed, but his manner was very indifferent. The most graceful elocution was that of Mr. Walpole, whose finely woven words trilled musically upon the ear, as he tendered the Conservative force to the Government, by which they are enabled to pass their bill. But Roebuck is the Slasher of the Parliament. Every other member has his 'right honourable and learned friend from so-and-so' over twenty times in a ten minutes' speech. Roebuck cuts to the marrow every thrust. His under lip curls over in scorn; but he met more than his match in the tall, grey-whiskered, courtly, precise, and business-like Home Secretary, Sir George Grey. He looked to me the ablest man in the Cabinet. Lord John Russell made a short and very pointed speech, displaying both tact and good nature. He always comes in to the help of his adjutants when they are pushed to the wall, and leads them off.

The Premier of England, whom I had a good opportunity to see, is a little man, with a high forehead, bright eyes, and hair somewhat minus, but straggling over his face. He sits perfectly quiet, with his countenance under deep shadow, so that it is impossible to tell whether the arrows strike home or not. Let me not fail to commend the brevity and pith of the English speakers. Up they start in a twinkling, the hat coming off simultaneously. They preamble little, but shoot right at the white; reserve their antithetic brilliance for the conclusion, which is hardly uttered, before the hat is on, and they drop! If you should put a pistol ball through the heart, you could not bring them down quicker. There is no loud bawling in speaking, save among the Irish. But the cheers, cries of 'hear,' and at times the perfect Babelism of the House, is as comical as it is novel to an American."

Mr. Holcroft's *Goldfinch*, it will be seen, has a tribe of kinsfolk and descendants on the other side of the Atlantic,—but rapidity and slang, paucity of real thought and absence of real feeling, are apt to become wearisome after a brief taste. Thus, though many of the persons and things of note belonging to ourselves and our neighbours are "arranged" and described no less amusingly than St. Stephen's with its legislators in the above passage, we apprehend that enough has been given to convey a fair idea of "the sort" to which 'The Buckeye' belongs,—and to satisfy the average reader of books of travel, be they light or heavy.

Calendar of the "Baga de Secretis."

[Second Notice.]

AMONG the most violent opposers of the Reformation the monks of Syon and their friends stood conspicuous. Several of them suffered capitally for their plainness of speech. What that plainness amounted to may be seen from the indictment of the parsons of Teddington and Isleworth,—who, "when they were walking to and fro at Syon," discoursed thus vehemently on the subject of the king's proceedings. Quoth the parson of Teddington, "Will no one write against the king's evil deeds?" The parson of Isleworth shook his head, and affirmed that "in truth there was sufficient reason to write against the king;" and then, warming with his subject, he proceeded thus:—

"Sith the realm of England was first a realm, was there never in it so great a robber and piller of the Commonwealth read nor heard of as is our king. And not only we that be of the spirituality, by his wrong be oppressed and robbed of our living, as if we were his enemies, enemies unto Christ, and guilty of his death, but also thus ungodly doth he handle the innocents [the monks of Syon?] and also highly learned and virtuous men, not only robbing them of their living and spoiling them of their goods, also thrusting them into perpetual prison, so that it is too great pity to hear, and more to be lamented than any good Christian man's ears may abide." * * * Of truth he is the most cruellest, capital heretic, defacer and treader underfoot of Christ and his Church, continually minding and applying to extirpate the same. And also the lay-fee, sometimes the noble and sometimes the commons, without difference, upon chance and displeasure grown, or of truth foresought and feigned, he doth impoverish, destroy, and kill, for none other intent but that he may enjoy and use his foul pleasures, and increase to himself great treasure and riches, enriching strangers, and pylling and robbing his own subjects." * * * Whose death I beseech God may be like to the death of the most wicked John, sometime king of this realm, or rather be called a great *tyran* than a king, and that his death may not be much unlike to the end of that manqueller Richard, sometime usurper of this imperial realm. And if thou wilt deeply look upon his life, thou shalt find it more foul and more stinking than a sow, wallowing and defiling herself in any filthy place, for how great soever he is, he is fully given to his foul pleasure of the flesh and other voluptuousness."

The parson of Teddington, having heard

this long tirade, and having, we must presume, a sort of Woodfall gift in the way of reporting, imprudently committed his loquacious friend's words to writing, but, for the purpose of concealment, put them into Latin. On a subsequent day he encouraged his eloquent friend again to open out his heart, which he did in the following strain. "Until the king and the rulers of this realm be plucked by the pates, and brought, as we say, to the pot, shall we never live merrily in England, which I pray God may chance and now shortly to come to pass." * * * Truly we of the Church shall never live merrily until that day come." Whether these words were also registered in Latin or not does not appear, but the poor fellows paid dear for their silly conversation. They pleaded guilty, and were probably both executed.

Reginald Pole's friends were another set of plain-speaking people. Pole himself having personally repented to the Pope, whom "he knew to be the king's enemy," and having accepted at his hands the dignity of a Cardinal of the Court of Rome, without the king's licence, and, "in treasonable despite of the king," his friends who corresponded with him or sent him kindly messages were held to be legally involved in his guilt. His brother Geoffrey Pole suffered death principally for the following message sent to the Cardinal:—"Command me to my brother the Cardinal Pole, and show him I would I were with him, and I will come to him if he will have me, for to show him the world in England waxeth all crooked. God's law is turned *upsot* down, abbeys and churches overthrown, and he is taken for a traitor, and I think they will cast down parish churches and all, at the last."

The imputation that the "parish churches and all" were to be pulled down, was a favourite theme with the enemies of the Reformation, and was no doubt very serviceable in raising a prejudice against it. John Collyns the parson of Medmenham did all he could to spread the same opinion, but joined with it, in the Medmenham revels of that day, notions which extended even beyond the destruction of parish churches. "The king will hang in hell one day for the plucking down of abbeys," was his prophecy addressed to Lord Montacute. "The king is a beast and worse than a beast," exclaimed Sir Edward Neville, a good Kentish knight; but "I trust," he added, "knaves shall be put down and Lords reign one day, and that the world will amend one day." Lord Montacute, Pole's brother, had stouter stuff in him. "The king," he said, "will die one day suddenly, his leg will kill him, and then we shall have jolly stirring, ... we shall have a day upon these knaves." * * * This world will come to stripes." The Marquis of Exeter was exactly of the same mind. "I trust," was his aspiration, "to see a merry world one day. Knaves rule about the king, but," lifting up and stretching his arm and shaking his clenched fist, "I trust to give them a buffet one day."

In these slight incidents we catch a glimpse of the spirit of the time. We see the form which political opposition assumed. It was coarser and rougher than with ourselves, but the same principles were at work; there was the same attribution of unintended design in order to prejudice alterations which were necessary; men were the same *laudatores temporis acti*, and in all public matters, the same blind, selfish and uncharitable beings as they are now.

The indictments against Anne Boleyn and her accomplices bear out the conclusions of Sharon Turner, founded upon an imperfect transcript in the Birch MS. 4293. Whilst the

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original was safely kept out of sight under three keys in the "Baga de Secretis." Sharon Turner, to whom it would have been invaluable, was hunting about in all directions to find some trace of its contents. "After many searches," he says, "at length I found an extract . . . among the Birch MSS." Upon that extract his speculative comments, and those of Lingard, who knew no more than "the industry of Mr. Turner" had discovered, were all built. We have here an example of the value and virtue of a custody under three keys, maintained with a view of keeping documents out of the sight of those who alone can make use of them. The prohibition it is clear is ineffectual, but it occasions "many searches," and substitutes speculative comments in the place of truth.

The indictments against the accomplices of Catharine Howard are also to be found in the "Baga." We will not dwell upon the details: they are disgusting enough. They who write on this portion of our history hereafter must thoroughly investigate them, and compare their details with what now passes current among us for "history"—a great word, but sadly abused and much misunderstood.

The last criminal proceeding of the reign of Henry the Eighth is in some respects the worst. It has been doubted whether the only legal offence charged against Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey, and upon which his execution was designed to be justified, could have been the assumption of the arms of Edward the Confessor. Burnet and his legion of followers speak of this charge as the one which was "most insisted on." But that is not enough. Monstrous and incredible as the fact may appear, the indictment, as it stands in Sir Francis Palgrave's Calendar, does not contain any other charge. It commences with an assertion, now universally known to be not merely untrue, but absurd, and which could not have been substantiated by anything like a shadow of legal proof, that Edward the Confessor, "whilome king of England before the Conquest, bore, put up, and used, as in right of the kingdom of England, azur, a cross fleury between five merlets gold, and that all his noble progenitors had borne the same arms." The foundation of this palpable untruth—this untruth in every single particular—is of course wide enough to support anything. It is next asserted that the same arms were then "borne with three labels silver by the Lord Edward, then Prince of the kingdom of England, to whom they belonged by right, and not to any subject." And, finally, it is charged, "That, nevertheless," the accused, the Earl of Surrey, "machinating to extinguish the cordial love and affection which the king's liege bear to him, and to deprive the king of his crown and dignity, did, on the 7th October, 38th Henry VIII. 1546, at Kenninghall, in Norfolk, in the house of the Duke of Norfolk, his father, put up and cause to be painted, joined unto the proper arms of him the said Earl, the said arms of the King with the three labels silver, in order to deprive, destroy, annul and scandalize the title of the King to the Crown of England, and also to the disinheritance and interruption of the said Prince Edward." Proof in opposition to anything so absurd was of course disregarded.

In vain was it shown, that the Earl's father had borne the same arms and inherited them from his father; in vain that their ancestor, Thomas Mowbray, had a grant of these very arms from Richard the Second. Legal absurdity, the nature of "that harlot Bess Holland," and the hatred of a king who never hated by halves, defied all proof short of the headsman's axe.

The reign of Edward the Sixth was fertile in criminal proceedings. Ket, the Tanner, assembled 20,000 persons for six weeks together on

"Mushold Heth," near Norwich, "by ringing of bells," &c. He madly vociferated to them "Kill the Gentlemen!" and many were the poor wretches whom he thus led to "dusty death." The similar outbreaks in Cornwall were attended with the same result. The latter rebels seem to have proclaimed in the market-place at Helston "that they would have all such laws as was made by the late King Henry the Eighth, and none other, until the King's Majesty that now is accomplish the age of twenty-four years; and that whoso would defend Bodie [the King's officer, who was murdered by the rioters,] or follow such new fashions as he did, they would punish him likewise."

The London indictment against the Duke of Somerset, printed in the "State Trials" (i. 513), differs in the closing paragraph from that here abstracted, which is the indictment found in Middlesex. The Duke is here charged with having "incited the citizens of London to rebellion and insurrection against the King, with drums and trumpets, crying out in English 'Liberty! Liberty!'" The addition is a more important one than we have space or time to indicate, and relates to a circumstance unknown to our historical writers.

During Mary's reign the catalogue is most important. Many of the legal crimes of that disastrous period are here, for the first time, explained. We all know that Robert Dudley, afterwards Earl of Leicester, and favourite of Queen Elizabeth, was in trouble in the reign of Mary, on account of the proclamation of his sister-in-law, Lady Jane Grey. We here learn, that the specific charge against him was, that—"The said Robert Dudley, late of London, knight, son of the said Duke of Northumberland, did, 18th July, 1 Mary, take forcible possession, in manner of war, of the town of King's Lynn, and there proclaimed the Lady Jane, wife of Guyldeford Dudley, brother of the said Sir Robert Dudley, Queen, and endeavoured to excite George Ryveley, then Mayor of Lynn, and other the Queen's lieges, dwelling in Lynn, to withdraw their allegiance from the Queen, and join the Duke of Northumberland and the other traitors before mentioned, in levying war against the Queen."

Here, also for the first time, we find with certainty the offence for which William Thomas, Clerk of the Council in the reign of Edward the Sixth, and author of "The History of Italy," the "Italian Grammar," and several other well-known works, suffered death. The gravamen of the charge against him was, that on the 22nd of December, 1 Mary, the said William Thomas, having heard of the proposed marriage between the Queen and Philip, Prince of Spain, went to the house of Sir Nicholas Arnold,—

"In the parish of St. Bartholomew the Less, in the ward of Farringdon Without, and there had a traitorous discourse with the said Nicholas to the following effect:—'Whether were it not a good devise to have all these perils that we have talked of taken away with very little bloodshed, that is to say, by killing of the Queen. I think John Fitzwilliams might be persuaded to it, because he seems by his countenance to be so manly a man, that he will not refuse any peril that might come to his own person to deliver his whole native country from so many and so great dangers as be now offered thereto if he might be made to understand them,' which words the said Sir Nicholas, afterwards, viz., 24th December, at London, in the parish of St. Anne, in the ward of Aldersgate, repeated to James Crofts, knight, one of the conspirators with Sir Thomas Wyatt, a traitor, who had been attainted for levying war against the Queen, whereof the said James Crofts was also attainted."

Any injustice more terrible than that of sending Thomas to execution upon the evidence of Arnold's written deposition to the effect of this indictment can scarcely be conceived. The value of that deposition will appear from the

account of what took place upon this subject at the trial of Sir Nicholas Throckmorton.—

"Attorney General. And it please you, my Lords, and you my masters of the jury, . . . it shall manifestly appear unto you, that Throckmorton did conspire the queen's majesty's death with William Thomas, Sir Nicholas Arnold, and other Traitors intending the same, which is the greatest matter of all others, and most to be abhorred; and for the proof thereof you shall hear what Arnold saith.—Then was Sir Nicholas Arnold's confession read, affirming that Throckmorton shewed unto him, riding betwixt Hinham and Crosse Laund, in Gloucestershire, that John Fitzwilliams was very much displeased with William Thomas.

"Attorney General. William Thomas devised, that John Fitzwilliams should kill the queen, and Throckmorton knew of it, as appeareth by Arnold's confession.

"Throckmorton. First, I deny that I said any such thing to Mr. Arnold; and though he be an honest man, he may either forget himself, or devise means to unburthen himself of so weighty a matter as this is; for he is charged with the matter as principal, which I did perceive when he charged me with his tale, and therefore I do blame him the less, that he seeketh how to discharge himself, using me as a witness, if he could so transfer the device to William Thomas. But truly, I never spake any such words unto him; and for my better declaration, I did see John Fitzwilliams here even now, who can testify, that he never shewed me of any displeasure betwixt them; and as I know nothing of the displeasure betwixt them, so I know nothing of the cause. I pray you, my lords, let him be called to depose in this matter what he can."

"Then John Fitzwilliams drew to the bar, and presented himself to depose his knowledge in the matter in open court.

"Attorney General. I pray you, my lords, suffer him not to be sworn, neither to speak; we have nothing to do with him.

"Throckmorton. Why should he not be suffered to tell the truth? And why be ye not so well contented to hear truth for me, as untruth against me?

"Sir Nicholas Hare. Who called you hither, Fitzwilliams, or commanded you to speak? You are a very busy officer.

"Throckmorton. I called him, and do humbly desire that he may speak and be heard as well as Vaughan, or else I am not indifferently used; especially seeing master Attorney doth so press this matter against me.

"Sir Robert Southwell. Go your ways, Fitzwilliams, the Court hath nothing to do with you; peradventure you would not be so ready in a good cause.

"Then John Fitzwilliams departed the court, and was not suffered to speak."

Who can doubt that the evidence of Fitzwilliams would have destroyed the credit of Arnold's confession. But courts of law in those days—heartily do we hope they have some higher function now—but in those days, in State Trials, they were mere machines to carry out the foregone conclusions of persons in authority. Upon the strength of this very confession of Arnold, was Thomas, whom old Machyn—never favourable to the presumed enemies of Queen Mary—describes as "a proper man," and whose official position and published works prove him to have been a man of sense and education, and a gentleman, "cast to suffer death;" and on the 18th May, 1554, was he "drane a-pone a sled" from the Tower to Tyburn, where "he was hanged, and after, his head stricken off, and then quartered; and the morrow after, his head was set on London Bridge, and three quarters set over Cripplegate"!

Let no one think that we recall the memory of these startling wickednesses from a mere antiquary's love of gathering together minute details. These revolting barbarities, executed without compunction by the authorities of those days, and registered by their chroniclers without remark, bring to us, in whom the bare recital excites a shuddering horror, a deep and solemn

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moral. They tell us, to what excesses of injustice wanton tyranny will ascend. They prove to us, that there is no inhumanity so flagitious but that subservient functionaries will carry it into execution. They exhibit the debasing, the brutalizing effects of cruelty practised in high quarters, and rendered familiar to the general sight and thought. They warn us, that our own privileges and our own feelings upon such subjects are of comparatively recent date, and are as yet unshared by the majority of mankind:—and they loudly call upon us to exert ourselves in order to extend that general enlightenment and civilization which are the only cause why in these respects our own days differ from those of our forefathers.

One of the most extraordinary cases of the time of Queen Elizabeth was that of Edward Squyer, whom our readers will remember as the man who was executed upon the charge of poisoning the Queen's saddle! There is something so singularly ridiculous in this accusation, and the whole circumstances of his case are so curiously illustrative of the combined ignorance and injustice of the period, that we have long wished that it should be made the subject of a distinct and separate investigation. We turned with curiosity to Sir Francis Palgrave's Calendar, and almost with an expectation that something more than the cause popularly assigned would have been found charged against this poor wretched being. But it is not so. There the case stands just as it is handed down to us by tradition. The circumstances were briefly these. One Stanley, who had been in Spain, accused Squyer to the Council of a design to poison the Queen. The accusation was made "in general terms,"—but Squyer was arrested and examined. At first, no information could be obtained from him; but being sent to the rack, during a four hours' torture he made a long confession. He was a man of low origin, and got his living first as a law-writer and afterwards as an under servant in the Queen's stable at Greenwich. Unsettled in his life and habits, when Essex went upon his Spanish expedition Squyer volunteered to accompany him, and was taken prisoner by the Spaniards. At Seville he fell into the hands of the Inquisition,—and under the potent influences thus brought to bear upon him he renounced his Protestantism. On conversion to his new form of faith he became intimate with one Walpole, an English Jesuit, who, according to the suspicion, after having instructed him, not merely in Roman Catholicism, but also in the course of conduct which as a good Catholic he was desired to pursue on his return to England, procured him to be included in an exchange of prisoners. On his arrival in England he resumed his former way of life, and continued to be a hanger-on about the stables of the Court until Essex's expedition to the Azores, when he again volunteered. Shortly after his second return to England Stanley's accusation was brought against him. We will present the remainder of the alleged facts in the words of the indictment.—

"That Edward Squyer, late of London, yeoman, at Seville, in Spain, . . . adhered to Philip, late King of Spain, then the Queen's enemy, and to William Walpoole, clerk, the Queen's traitor and public enemy, and other traitors, agents to Philip, King of Spain. Furthermore, that the King of Spain, 22nd May, 39 Elizabeth, having prepared a great army and fleet for the invasion of the kingdom, and the Queen having, in England, prepared a fleet and army to resist him, and having appointed Robert, Earl of Essex, commander-in-chief of the fleet and army, the said Squyer, at Seville, treated and had a discourse with Walpoole in what manner the Queen's fleet might be best dispersed and destroyed, in order that the King of Spain might the more easily effect the conquest of this realm : in which discourse Wal-

poole, on the behalf of the King of Spain, persuaded Squyer to undertake to poison the Queen ; and then and there delivered to Squyer a poisonous confection contained in a double bladder, wrapped with various wrappers of parchment and paper, to the intention that he, Squyer, should smear the pommel of the Queen's saddle therewith when the Queen was about to ride, in order that she, putting her hand on the pommel, might be poisoned. Furthermore, that, after such discourse between Walpoole and Squyer, the latter did undertake the before-mentioned poisoning ; and Walpoole, on behalf of the King of Spain, and in order to complete their treasons, persuaded Squyer to repair to the Earl of Essex, then about to go to sea, for the purpose of poisoning him with a part of the before-mentioned poison. Furthermore, that Squyer, on the said 22nd May, 39 Elizabeth, treasonably received the Eucharist from Walpoole as the means of encouraging him to fulfil his treasons, and of binding him to secrecy; and that Walpoole said to Squyer, in English, 'that he (Squier) was in a state of damnation if he did not perform it,'—meaning thereby the poisoning of the Queen ; 'and that he must not fear death, although it might seem very imminent, for what availeth it a man to win the whole world and lose his own soul; and if he did but once doubt of the lawfulness or the merit of it, it was sufficient to cast him headlong into hell, and seldom did that sin obtain pardon. One thing is necessary,' meaning the poisoning of the Queen, 'and if you prefer it before all others, I have my desire, and you shall be a glorious saint in heaven ;'—and Walpoole then embraced Squyer, throwing his left arm about his neck, and making the sign of the cross on his head, saying, 'God bless thee, and give thee strength, my son, and be of good courage; I will pawn my soul for thine, and thou shalt have my prayers both dead and alive, and full pardon of all thy sins.' Furthermore, that Squyer, 28th May, 39 Elizabeth, took his journey from Seville towards England ; and, in order to fulfil his treasonable intentions, he, 8th July, 39 Elizabeth, by many entreaties preferred to the Earl of Essex, obtained permission that he should embark in the same vessel with the said Earl. Furthermore, that Squyer, 11th July, 39 Elizabeth, understanding that the Queen was preparing to ride out, and that the Queen's horse was saddled, &c., rubbed some of the before-mentioned poison upon the pommel of the Queen's saddle, exclaiming loudly at the same time 'God save the Queen,' for the purpose of better concealing his treasons. Furthermore, that when the Queen's fleet was at sea, between 'Fyall' and St. Michael's, Squyer, with a portion of the before-mentioned poisonous confection, rubbed the arms of the chair in which the Earl of Essex was accustomed to sit, in order to kill him by poison, to the intent that the King of Spain might the better effect his invasion."

The only evidence seems to have been that of Squyer's confession whilst under torture:—"ut ipse Squierus confessus est," are the words of Camden. We learn from other sources that the Queen's escape from this presumed effort of diabolical malice was regarded at the time as something almost miraculous. The learned counsel who stated the case shed tears at the bare contemplation of the risk to which Her Majesty had been exposed. In vain Squyer repudiated his confession as the mere result of torture. The jury convicted him with readiness,—and all that the diligence of Stow could gather, or all that he thought proper to record, respecting such a mere matter-of-course transaction was, that "the 9th of November, Edward Squire, of Greenwich, was arraigned at Westminster, and condemned of high treason, and on the 13th was drawn from the Tower to Tyburne, and there hanged, bowelled, and quartered."—Walpoole afterwards published a pamphlet, in which he stated the nature of his acquaintance with Squyer and Stanley,—and of course utterly denied all knowledge of any design of poisoning saddle, arm-chair, the Queen, or an hundred other things.

In all this there is a great deal which requires explanation. The case, indeed, deserves much

further inquiry than has ever been bestowed upon it by any of our historical writers. Whether Squyer was merely a poor frenzied fool, or one of the innumerable innocent victims of the application of torture, there cannot be the slightest doubt that his trial was an admixture of the very extremes of ignorance and injustice. The case is one which would reward any competent person who should make it the subject of a special investigation. Many doubts hang over it. Even the fact of his torture, although stated by several writers, is not quite certain. We do not find any warrant for its infliction among those printed by Mr. Jardine.

The details of these shameless and repeated cruelties become as tiresome as they are disgusting. We will notice only one more of them, which is curious on account of the meanness of its despicable brutality. One Timothy Penreid—probably a lawyer's clerk, but described as a yeoman,—being desirous of procuring certain persons to be arrested, fabricated two writs of *latitat*, and handed them over to a tailor in Holborn to be delivered to the sheriff for execution. Probably the fraud was palpable, for it is not alleged that any one was arrested. Penreid fled, and secreted himself, but was captured. The false writs were pretended to be authenticated by something like an impression of a seal. Penreid was indicted for having "forged and counterfeited a certain seal of wood in two parts, with the effigies of the Queen on the one part and the royal arms on the other, in the likeness of the seal of the Queen in her Court, commonly called in English 'the Kinge's Bench seal.'" Of course he was convicted,—and the judgment of the Court was—

"That he should be put in the pillory upon two successive market-days in Cheapside, and on the first of such days he is to have one ear nailed to the pillory, and on the second day his other ear nailed to the pillory, and in such a manner that he, the said Timothy, should, by his own proper motion, be compelled to tear away his two ears from the pillory!"

Our selection from this Calendar, and our comments on it, must, we think, have convinced every one of its very great historical importance. So far as we can judge, Sir Francis Palgrave has done his work in the way which might be anticipated from his long experience and his great historical knowledge. We trust he will republish the Calendar in a separate form, and in a way in which it will become generally known. In that shape it would be an invaluable contribution to both our legal and our general history, and would be found full of moral uses of the highest kind. If Sir Francis wants a motto for his title-page, let him borrow a passage from the great Florentine, thus rendered by I. C. Wright:—

O heavenly vengeance ! how shouldst thou be feared
By every one who reads what I unfold !

The Poetical Works of David Macbeth Moir. A.
Edited by Thomas Aird, with a Memoir of
the Author. Blackwood & Sons.

the Author. Blackwood & Sons.
Or the verse of this facile and locally-popular writer we spoke briefly [*Athen.* No. 1237] when announcing his decease. The selection here given by Mr. Aird, as a plea for the writer's admission among our minor lyrists of the past half century, appears to be wisely made, — though in substance not vivid or valuable enough to call for a reversal of the opinion already ventured by us. "Delta" was an amiable man, — a fluent, sometimes a graceful, sometimes a feeling writer, — who also commanded Scottish humour, within a circle more limited than that which Galt traversed; but he recurs to us as a pleasant example of those who are the minor pillars of a literary coterie, — persons who sun themselves in the light of

"my article," who walk the world in the halo of "our Magazine," who cherish their own *Shibboleths* and their own sympathies, by which every object belonging to the great general world is curiously changed in its proportions,—who gather profit easily, reciprocate praise cheerfully, keep alive among some local circle literary tastes and literary prejudices,—who while alive are exalted by their own set, known beyond it as merely items belonging to a galaxy, and after death are quietly forgotten, except by the quaint and universal collectors,—the Brays of local history, or the Southeyes who are microscopic enough to embrace the marks as well as the grains and scruples in their estimate of a country's literary ore. Mr. Aird's book, in short, can only take rank near the two volumes in which Dr. Moir commemorated another of the favourite writers in *Blackwood*—we mean "the modern Pythagorean." The Wilsons, Hogg, Cunninghams, and Motherwells, with whom he is classed by his somewhat indiscriminating memorialist, belong to another orbit, and when they pass away claim another manner of requiem.

These truths, however necessary their plain statement be, lest standards become confounded and admiration abused by praise without proportion, do not hinder us from a cordial appreciation of the character of Dr. Moir as a man. His life was that hardest of mortal lives—the life of a provincial medical man; admitting of few holidays, and enjoining a routine of labour and of responsibility which to idler and less healthy-minded persons must seem almost superhuman. In illustration of this, we may give an extract, prefaced by a passage from the correspondence of Hood, who, like *Mercutio*, could play with even Death's advances towards him.—

"In one of his letters to Delta, Thomas Hood, who was then very unwell, says:—'But for this last shake, I should have indulged hopes of revisiting Edinburgh, and of course Musselburgh. But I am more sedentary than ever—some would say *chairy* of myself—that, sitting for my bust lately seemed hardly beyond my usual still habits. Luckily, I have always been a domestic bird, and am therefore not so wretched from being incapable of passage. Still, I should prefer health and locomotion—riding here and there, and to and fro, as you do, because others were ill and I was not. How you must enjoy walking to set a broken leg!' Any toil of the day were better than poor Hood's mortal ail; yet hear Moir himself as to those medical rides and walks: thus writes he to Macnich:—'Our business has ramified itself so much in all directions of the compass—save the north, where we are bounded by the sea—that on an average I have sixteen or eighteen miles' daily riding; nor can this be commenced before three or four hours of pedestrian exercise has been hurried through. I seldom get from horseback till five o'clock; and by half-past six I must be out to the evening rounds, which never terminate till after nine. Add to this the medical casualties occurring between sunset and sunrise, and you will see how much can be reasonably set down to the score of my leisure.' To weary work like this what an aggravation must literary labour have been; and yet what a solace too."

Is this view sufficiently present to the severe generation of scholars who would reduce literature to a few choice books for choice readers,—and are apt to discharge their contempt against all effort and production short of the best, as insincere, useless, and pernicious? While they act in the spirit of Wordsworth when he raved against the Lake district being opened by steam to the weary men of Manchester and Preston—when, scornful in their superiority, "they do well," as they think, "to be angry" against the ephemeron who sings his tiny song or writes his little tale,—do they allow for the honourable purposes, noble fancies, and elegant tastes which

must have been present to the weary country practitioner, to drive him to his desk after his day's labour was over,—though these may have been alloyed with small vanities, and with that propensity to fetch and carry which affords such rare entertainment for the satirist? We think not. Not more disposed than they are to foist "whiting's eyes for pearls" on the public, satisfied that every one is best served by mediocrity being openly called mediocrity and pretension pretension,—we must still hold in warm sympathy all whose hours of recreation, snatched from the midst of heavy toil and domestic duty steadily performed, are spent, not in coarse sensualism, not in inane scandal, not in the dwarfing strife of party politics, but in the outer courts of Poetry and Romance. Many of those despised and anathematized by the select are more true to the diviner nature within them, according to their measure of capacity, than the fastidious, the indolent, or those who imagine that acquisition for the purpose of hoarding (be the treasure even ideas, not ingots) is the sufficient business of life for a man and a citizen.

To return from a remark which may be accepted in balance of our slight value for "Delta" as a poet or a novelist,—there is little in Mr. Aird's memoir. The extracts from the correspondence are not of any great vigour or value. The following passage is dangerously like a glimpse into every one's "drawing-room of private life." Dr. Moir wrote to Mr. Dickens, on the occasion of certain amateur theatricals, as follows.—

"Of theatricals, although a fond admirer, I do not pretend to be a great judge; but, so far as gratification and satisfaction went, I must say that I never sat to representations better sustained. To do Falstaff up to a reader's imagination, I should suppose, is utterly impossible; but Mr. Lemon was anything but a failure. Even Pistol has become so much an individual picture in every man's mind, that he also is perhaps better as a 'Yarrow Unvisited.' Yet George Cruikshank did him well; although not up to his Caniphor, which was reality itself. Pardon me for saying that I never saw Slender represented before. Scarcely behind you was Costello's Dr. Caius, than which it would be difficult to conceive anything better. It was past 'two o'clock in the morning' before my sides recovered from the scene between the two S's.—Some days after you left Scotland, I had the happiness of meeting George Cruikshank at dinner with Professor Wilson, the Sheriff, Blackwood, and Jay from America. Although I have had some pleasant letters from Cruikshank, I never had an opportunity before of taking his hand. We are very apt to form erroneous notions of the personal appearance of men who have particularly interested us, and in spite of ourselves the mind will—must, I fancy—form an ideal portrait; but with me fancy and fact met in Cruikshank: the reality was exactly what I had expected. Could this be from the perfect truth and originality, which he has imparted to his creations, being only reflections of himself? We were friends in ten minutes; and he gave me some curious and most interesting details of his early life and progress. 'The Drunkard' and 'The Drunkard's Children' I had both admired and shuddered over; but I must say, in spite of this, that the only thing in him I was not prepared to meet with was—the Tee-totaler. Be he right or wrong for himself, one thing requires consideration. I have known several men of talent and genius who, under the impression that they had been accustomed to live too fully, had become water-drinkers; and it has struck me that the abstraction of the wine might also be noted in the abstraction of that vigour and originality by which their compositions were formerly distinguished. It is a curious subject, and worthy of investigation. Admitting what I have stated to be fact, the only plausible counter-argument would be, that some breaking-down of the constitution—some threatening of mischief—was the cause why stimulants were abandoned, and not the effect of the abandonment. Wordsworth has been all along a water-drinker: is this the cause why his compositions

of early and later years are so much akin to each other? Is it thus that 'the child has been father of the man?'—You mention your enjoyment of Forster's *Goldsmith*. It is indeed a well-written and most interesting book, and gives us everything regarding Oliver that we could wish—perhaps more, sometimes; for, before reading the actual history of the man, I had so mixed up Goldsmith with the exquisite associations of 'The Vicar of Wakefield,' 'The Traveller,' and 'The Deserted Village,' that all were blent together. How such a harum-scarum should have had his mind in such subjection as to write like an angel, while he often not only talked but acted like poor Poll, must ever remain a mystery. Even Mr. Forster has not sufficiently solved it. Not one oddity of his person or circumstances has Goldsmith imparted to his writings, which, for taste and purity, are equalled by nothing in the English tongue, save the poetry of Campbell and the prose of Irving.—I am delighted to learn from you that *Dombey* has been your most successful book. Be your next still more so! But when are we to hear something of it? Depend upon it, the world cannot afford to let you remain idle. At the very least, a Christmas volume will be expected. It will not do to say you require a breathing-time. Something the public demands, and must have. With you, as it was with Sir Walter Scott, they will never think they have had enough, so long as you can wag a pen."

The author of 'Bleak House' runs some danger of being as well known to the public in all his private relations and affairs as if an *Iachimo* lodged in his strong box. The other day, revelations were made in Lord Jeffrey's 'Life' of a startling intimacy; and here is a letter, written in 1848, given to the public four years later,—while every one discussed in it save the writer is alive. There is somewhat too much of this; and even if the excuse be, as Mr. Aird's excuse has possibly been, that a biography so lean as Dr. Moir's required larding,—such reason, we submit, offers small security or comfort for those who do not covet to have their yesterday's dinner-table talk sold at the railway stations under their very eyes,—and who are in the habit of writing without reserve, in the confidence of privacy, with as little idea of concealment as of being paraded in the columns of the *Athenæum*. Whether Dr. Moir may or may not have been among those who would have been gratified at the idea of their correspondence being printed is of small consequence:—the practice seems so painfully on the increase as to call for earnest caution. If, however, Mr. Aird in this memoir exceeds discretion, he can probably plead sincere affection for the deceased, which is evident in every line—biographical, anecdotal and critical—put forth by him.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

The Melvilles. By the Author of 'John Drayton.'—This is in many respects a pleasanter work than 'John Drayton.' The writer is here more like an artist and less like a pedagogue. The book is conceived in a softer and far less intolerant spirit; but, as a whole, it is less forcible—a defect which was almost inseparable from the transition state which it indicates. The style remains hard, and has a flavour of Carlyleism which is not pleasant. It is a cheap imitation, when the author could well afford to be original. There is, besides, so little congruity between Thomas Carlyle and the author of 'John Drayton,' that it is a solecism in good taste and the natural fitness of things for the author to "borrow his thunder."—The story of the Melvilles is inertial in a high degree—a mere handful of the sand of every-day life taken out at random, and the grains of gold lying within by no means exhausted. The author seems afraid of "letting himself go," and making the most of the legitimate resources of his subject:—not from lack of skill, but from some principle like that which induces the Pre-Raphaelite school of artists to disbelieve in perspective and repudiate the seduction of chiar-

osure. A merchant's clerk dying and leaving his family unprovided for,—their honourable self-respect, mutual affection, and courageous struggles to keep each other from being trodden down in the thronged highway of life are well conceived, and constitute the elements of an effective story;—but the fear of exaggeration has led the author to make the interest "too mild." The characters, though drawn from the life, show none of the complex workings of human nature. They exhibit but a single phase,—and are flat surfaces instead of living, moving human beings. They want "muscling up," as a worthy sign-painter used to call it. 'The Melvilles' cannot be called a success; but we consider that even in its shortcomings there is more indication of the broad catholic sympathies of genius—more promise of future works of sterling value, capable of handling the real wants and diseases of society with a kind as well as a wise spirit of judgment—than 'John Drayton' prepared us to expect.

Queechy. By Elizabeth Wetherell.—Though warrant for the cacophonous title to this book may be found in such existing places as *Passamaquoddy*, *Penobscot*, and other rivers, villages and ports on the American side of the Atlantic,—yet any one may be excused who is led to expect in 'Queechy' a study of some *Sam Weller* in ebony or some milky-hearted cannibal such as Mr. Melville exhibited in his wild romance "The White Whale." Nothing very funny is here, however,—and nothing very fierce. 'Queechy' is an American story of minute traits and gentle emotions, very nearly as long drawn and minute as one of the tales edited by the Rev. Mr. Sewell. Its heroine, Fleda, is not a creature of mixed mortal mould,—but everyone's good fairy—almost as perfect as she is fragile, almost as exquisite as she is strong. Not only is she endowed with preternatural clearness of view and crystalline purity of heart,—she also commands an energy enabling her to carry out all her high-minded and virtuous decisions. When her grandfather is in trouble she solaces him, and points out a way for his relief. When the death of this ancient relation throws her upon the protection of strangers who undertake to deliver her to her uncle and aunt in Europe, this fascinating Fleda, though little more than a child, captivates a fastidious sceptical gentleman—of whom Mr. Ward's *Tremaine* was the original,—and sows seeds in his mind the fruit of which is, at a later period, an entire change in his opinions. These things move easily in fiction: but our author clogs the wheels of poor Fleda's progress towards her own happiness by all manner of impediments which are more unkindly fancied than probable. Her fastidious friend wanders away, according to the well-known fashion of unbelievers desiring to be convinced, and is missing from the story during a period fraught with cruel trial to our heroine. Her uncle and aunt return to America, lose their fortunes, and are compelled to go up the country and farm for their subsistence. All goes amiss according to the established course of a reduced gentleman's farming,—but the little tender girl devises, disentangles, assists, sets to rights everything and everybody, not being a whit coarsened, it is averred, by her harsh experiences of rude life and weary labour. On a visit to New York, she and Mr. Carleton are again brought together,—to be kept asunder by our author with a tantalizing pertinacity which Miss Burney herself hardly excelled when desirous of protracting the delicate agony of her stories to the utmost length. In some respects, however, 'Queechy' is eminent among recent Transatlantic tales. It is written in modest unaffected language. There is humour in it. Baby and Philetus—the impracticable maid and man, who are made practicable like everything else,

Hot or cold, or moist or dry,

which comes within the range of Fleda's angel influence—are worthy of Mrs. Clarissa Packard, whose 'Housekeeper' lives in our recollection as among the most racy and characteristic American books in being. There is some agreeable and picturesque occasional poetry introduced.—The spirit of the tale is religious without any acrimony of tone to detract from the effect of the opinions propounded in it.

Uncle Tom's Cabin; or, Negro Life in the Slave States of America. By Harriet Beecher Stowe.—This terrible tale of life and suffering in the Slave States of America, which has been widely circulated among the Transatlantic abolitionists, is here reprinted, from the tenth American edition, in a cheap form,—we imagine to do service to "the cause." Pleasure no one can find in reading it;—since the author's arguments and selections of illustration have necessarily led her into horrors as deep as those toyed with for coarse excitement's sake by MM. Stie, Gozlan, and other romancers of the *couvulsionnaire* school of French fiction. There is no doubt, we fear, that slave-owners such as Legree, the monster, have existed and do exist; and though perhaps the saintly patience and considerate unselfishness of Uncle Tom, his victim, may surpass attainable virtue, the brutal and diabolical power to which he was sacrificed is an inevitable phase of "the institution" which admits a property in human flesh and blood, while it does not destroy such furies as anger, desire and avarice.—The good done by books like this must be questioned. They may awaken,—they may excite,—they may distress,—but the emotions originated by their perusal are apt to be confounded with philanthropic devotion, if not accepted in its stead. What does this particular story suggest by way of remedy? Not one single hint towards removal of the fearful and enormous difficulty which must be disposed of in America, ere that vast country's question of questions can be settled? Passion is inflamed—pity is stirred,—but benevolence is left in the dark, in the cane-brake, to exhaust itself by its indignation and by its tears.

Memoirs of the Rev. William Sellon, formerly Minister of St. James's, Clerkenwell. By B. P. Smith.—Why a man so good as the Rev. William Sellon is described to have been should be made to figure so absurdly as he does in Mr. B. P. Smith's pages, must be a puzzle even to those best used to speculate on the blanks and prizes of reputation. The 'Groves of Blarney' style has hardly been carried to higher perfection than in this interesting little book,—as one passage will richly illustrate.—"Mr. Sellon was no enemy to elegant recreations, but thought them consistent with Christian liberty. He lamented the lax morals which prevailed in his time, particularly the habitual breach of the Sabbath; but he countenanced all innocent and elegant amusements. Many persons of our day denounce various legitimate amusements, particularly dancing; I think it right, therefore, to state that the Rev. Wm. Sellon permitted his family to frequent balls, and that it was a pleasure to him to be present and see an elegant and graceful couple dance a minut. My lamented aunt, who was his last surviving child, was about 83 the last time she honoured me with her presence at Sellon House when I gave a ball and concert, and very happy she was to see so many young persons enjoying those elegant and felicitating pursuits wherein she, when of their age and vigour, herself delighted."—Half-a-hundred paragraphs, no less innocently comical than the above, could be cited were not life too short, and the season too pressing to justify us in lingering among the inanities of authorship.

The Stage and the Press; or, Revelations Theatrical and Journalistic. By Henry Gerald Spillan, Esq. No. 1.—This is the gay pamphlet of a youthful writer, in sense and in substance matching the serious view of Mdlle. Lind's performances [Athen. No. 1040] and the biography of Madame Sontag [Athen. No. 1141] which in turn have been dealt with by us.—Mr. Spillan's object is, to take up the cudgels against Mr. Bunn, on behalf of Mdlle. Plunkett,—and also of Mr. Sims Reeves, whom he styles "the great Glory of our lyrico-dramatic era," and whose success, he informs us, has been won "amid the toils of a vengeful camaraderie on Pelasgic soil," &c., &c.—Further, Mr. Spillan is harsh upon the Marionette Theatre—announces himself as "an humble believer in the politics as well as a deep admirer of the literature and criticism of the organ of the Peelite party,"—and mentions that "Miss Annie Payne, whose choreographic style recalls to memory that of Lucile Grahn when that *dansuse* was in the flower of

entrain (!) bids fair to add a lustrous pearl to the bead-roll of her mirth provoking Sue's pantomimic glories."—The above will suffice to give the reader an idea of the quality of this new periodical.

Helen of Innspruck; or, the Maid of Tyrol (a Poem) in Six Cantos.—This poem, which we are told, in its preface, "was originally composed for the amusement of a child," is nearly as much of a medley as the Laureate's 'Princess.' Its author commences as a tolerably close imitator of 'Childe Harold'—as he proceeds, ventures upon lyrical episodes which remind us of 'The Golden Legend,'—telling, at last, the story of Hofer, which is his main intention, in that slip-shod style, which, meant for ease, is untidiness.—We do not know whether children will take kindly to 'Helen of Innspruck,'—but we are sure grown people will not.

The Alternative; or, How are the Poor to be Educated? being an Argument respecting the National Board, suited to the Times. By a Parish Minister.—The author of 'The Alternative' is the minister of a parish in one of the valleys of Ireland, and is moreover a diligent and successful labourer in the school-room. His theories are consequently evolved out of a real experience, and they will be found worthy of careful consideration. Learning, candour, and clear-sightedness appear on every page of his little volume.

On the Religious Character of our Public Schools.—*On the Support of our Religious Schools by National Funds.* By J. H. Hinton.—These pamphlets contain the substance of Reports made to the Conference of the Voluntary School Association, by Mr. Hinton, at Manchester and in London. They are clear and explicit,—state the Society's views with fairness and temper,—and excite an interest even where they fail to carry conviction.

A Guide to Authors going to Press, and Printer's Price Manual. By W. F. Sles.—An elementary work, rather adapted, we should think, for the printer than for the author. But as some acquaintance with the details of a printing office is necessary to the writer for the press, such a volume may be found useful in cases where access to such an establishment is impossible.

Projectile Weapons of War and Explosive Compounds. By John Scovell, M.B.—This is a second edition of a work published in 1845. In reference to the first edition the writer informs us that "its fate was unusual;—immediately on being announced for publication the whole stock, with the exception of about a dozen copies, was purchased by the agent of a Foreign State and exported,—so that it never found its way into British literary commerce." We must therefore treat the work as a novelty. For those who wish to appear very learned on the exciting subject of the day—who wish to be able to talk on every class of weapon from the javelin to the Minie!—there is information; but not sufficiently elaborated in reference to modern weapons to be of much use.

The Book of Philosophy—[Das Buch der Weltweisheit].—These two volumes contain a brief summary, calculated for the use of general readers, but drawn up with sufficient scientific precision, of the various philosophic systems, ethic and metaphysic, from the dawn of Greek mental science to the present day. The editor writes clearly,—seizes on the essential points of the various doctrines which he has to describe with considerable address,—and keeps fairly within the limits of an historian throughout the course of his survey; reporting what has been taught by others, without needlessly obtruding his own opinions. At the close of his task, having fairly brought the last German development of psychologic science to its consummation in Hegel, he certainly reveals his own expectations of a new and improved philosophy—a "Metaphysic of the Will"—which is to carry still further the progress of mental acquisition. This "science of the future," however, is not ripe enough to produce much dissertation, and may without inconvenience be left to receive its sentence from the coming generation. The chapters on the Schoolmen and on the Philosophy of the Fathers are well abridged from Bauer, Ritter, and others,—and the account of Locke and of his French disciples gives a distinct and not unfair view of the character and

tendencies of a system which reached its acme in Helvetius and La Mettrie. In this division there occurs what is either a *qui pro quo* or a printer's error. The author speaks of the "Système de la Nature," published in 1770, as falsely ascribed to Mirabeau, observing, that he "was then already deceased." Mirabeau (the economist) lived to 1789, and expired on the day when the Bastile was taken. The name on the title-page was not his, but that of Mirabaud—sometime secretary of the Academy—who had died in 1760,—quite a different person. On native ground, the editor is, of course, peculiarly at home, —and says as much as ordinary readers will desire to know of that body of speculation which is a sound of alarm in many ears under the name of "German Philosophy." The work is published anonymously,—but the author, whoever he may be, has no reason to be ashamed of it.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

THE BOOK TRADES.

Our readers have, we doubt not, appreciated the motives which have induced us week after week to refrain from any expression of our own views on the questions that have been recently agitating the book trades. Though our opinion has been from the beginning in type, yet the moment we found that the parties arraigned in the dispute had taken the settlement of the matter into their own hands, subject to the opinions of certain eminent persons to whom they deferred, we felt that we could not properly throw our arguments into a controversy which was in probable course of righting itself. That the solution to be arrived at would be far more satisfactory in itself and beneficial in its results if it came from within than if it were influenced by pressure from without, was, in our view, a sufficient reason why we should in the mean time refuse to interfere. The attitude voluntarily taken by the publishers whose proceedings had been questioned entitled them to our respect and forbearance,—and if peace were to

be restored to the book trades, we felt how important it was that it should be a peace concluded by the parties themselves. Now, however, that Lord Campbell and his co-reeferees have given their decision, our readers have a right to know from us what our own opinions are on the matters which have been in discussion;—and as such opinions are to some extent the same as those of his Lordship, and both are in the direction of the reform sought, we are by their expression only contributing to that unanimity of acquiescence which will, we trust, form the basis of any new arrangements.

As, however, the promised submission to Lord Campbell's decision will lead to great changes—the whole of which probably cannot yet be seen—in the system of distributing books,—that decision becomes a document of too much importance to those whose interests we represent not to make a place for itself in our columns. We give here also the essential parts of the judgment in which Lord Campbell, Dr. Milman and Mr. Grote have concurred.—

"The substance of the regulations submitted to us was, to understand to be, that all booksellers keeping a shop in London, or within 12 miles of the General Post-office, are required to become members of the association, and are to receive a ticket entitling them to buy new books from the publishers; that the publishers of new books specify a retail price for each copy; that they sell copies to the retail booksellers at about 50 per cent. under that price; that they require an engagement from the retail booksellers not to allow to their customers a larger discount than 10 per cent. from the retail price; that, without this engagement, the retail dealers cannot be supplied with copies of new books; and that for a breach of this engagement they forfeit their tickets, and are cut off from any further dealings in new books with the publishers.

Having listened to very able arguments, having read everything which has come within our reach on either side, and having considered the subject very deliberately, we have unanimously come to the conclusion that these regulations are unreasonable and inexpedient.

"We will now briefly state the grounds of our opinion.
"Such regulations seem *prima facie* to be indefensible, and contrary to the freedom which ought to prevail in commercial transactions. Although the owner of property may put what price he pleases upon it when selling it, the condition that the purchaser, after the property has been transferred to him and he has paid the purchase-money, shall not resell it under a certain price, derogates from the rights of ownership, which, as a purchaser, he has acquired. *

"The arrangement between the publishers and the retail booksellers is indeed said to be voluntary. We have been impressed by the fact that a vast majority of the retail booksellers have given in their adhesion to the association, and have expressed a willingness to remain under its rule. But although there be no employment of physical force or threats which the law forbids, we doubt much whether this acquiescence may not, in a considerable degree, be ascribed to coercion. Without the 'ticket,' testifying that a retail bookseller is qualified to deal with the publishers, he cannot carry on his business as a vendor of new publications : and the means by which he lives are taken from him. From many retail booksellers, now submitting to the association, we have had intimations that they would be happy to be released from it, and to carry on their business like tradesmen in other branches of industry. But even the entire unanimity of the retail booksellers would not be conclusive of the question ; for they may dread to be deprived of an artificial protection to which they have been long accustomed, although this be not essential to their permanent interests, although it may lull them into habits of listlessness, and may be detrimental to the community.

"Mr. William Longman, Mr. Murray, and other gentlemen, who with so much ingenuity have advocated the 'regulations,' admit that the burden of proof is upon them, and that they are bound to make out the book trade to be an exception to the rule that commerce is to be free. *

"The first peculiarity pointed out to us in the book trade is that it is copyright; and it has been argued that, as authors have no protection, so ought those who circulate their works. The only protection given to authors is the protection which the law gives to property of every description. It has been decided by the most eminent Judges that an author has a common law, and according to the eternal rules of justice, a property in what he writes, so that no one can print or reprint it without his permission. The statutes which have been passed upon this subject, from the reign of Queen Anne to the reign of Queen Victoria, have been in abridgment of

The rights of authors, giving them by way of compensation improved remedies when their property is invaded.

"The next peculiarity pointed out in the book trade is that the article asked for by a purchaser must be genuine and must always be of the same quality. But although there be no competition as to the quality of an article, there may be a competition as to the price at which it may be sold. And here the competition is less dangerous to the purchaser: for he is in no danger of having spurious wares palmed upon him when attracted by low prices.

"Then we are reminded of the peculiarity, that the publisher names the price at which the book is to be sold to the customer (which may be considered the *maximum* price), whereas, the manufacturer in other trades entirely leaves the price to be paid by the customer to be fixed by the retail dealer. Some complain of this proceeding of the publisher as a grievance. But, admitting the expediency of the publisher continuing to name a retail price at which

the book is said to be published, this can only be as a guide, and cannot hinder the making of a fair bargain between the retail dealer and the customer. At present, by the rules of the Association, the actual retail price may vary from the publishing price, so that it is not more than 10 per cent. less.

"The consideration that has weighed most with us is the peculiar mode in which in the book trade the wares to be disposed of are distributed. There is, no doubt, a great advantage to literature in the existence of respectable booksellers' shops at reasonable distances in London, Edinburgh, and Dublin, and all provincial towns. By the exertions of these gentlemen a new work is made known more efficiently than by advertisements; and the opportunity of inspecting a copy of it on the counter no doubt often produces a purchase which might not otherwise have been thought of. We cannot but apprehend that, if the regulations in question are done away with, and unlimited competition permitted, the number of retail establishments in the United Kingdom may be considerably diminished. But the existence of a larger number of retail establishments than is necessary to supply the commodity to the public has an evident tendency to raise the price to the consumer; and, according to all experience, the demand will increase as the price is diminished (though not perhaps to the extent contemplated by some of the more ardent opponents of the "regulations"). On the removal of an artificial protection in any department of industry some distress immediately follows; but the wholesome principles of commerce, when acted upon, are long to bring a remedy. And it may be hoped that competition and low prices, large sales and quick return (perhaps the greater energy and activity which may be enforced), will eventually add to the prosperity of the trade, and disperse the anxiety of those who are

"Lastly, it has been contended before us, that though the works of celebrated writers might be advantageously circulated and sold without the 'regulations,' and the sale of such works be rather impeded by them, yet the works of unknown and second-rate writers, however useful and meritorious, could not, without a law against underpricing, be ushered into the world. Even if this were so, we should still deny the justice of aiding dull men at the expense of men of genius; and, with a view to public improvement, we should doubt the expediency of checking the circulation of that which is most excellent, to encourage that which gives less valuable information, and less exquisite pleasure. Moreover, we have reason to think that in many cases the 'regulations' cramp the circulation of works which have merit, without being popular. The demand being small the price would naturally decline, and at the reduced price there might still be a considerable number of purchasers. But, as the *minimum* price fixed by the publishers must be rigidly insisted upon, the sale is stopped, and the great bulk of the edition, after causing a large expense for warehouse-room, goes to the trunkmakers.

"For these reasons we think that the attempt to establish the alleged exceptional nature of the commerce in books has failed, and that it ought to be no longer carried on under the present regulations. *

"These being abandoned, it seems, from the language of the resolution under which we act, that the association must be dissolved. * Perhaps the book-selling trade will have the best chance of flourishing without any special regulations of any sort. Let there be entire freedom in the transactions between the publishers and the retail booksellers, the publishers asking prices and making or refusing allowances as they please. Let them deal with every one (although unticketed) who brings money in his purse (or whose responsibility is undoubtedly), taking care not to encourage the long and renewed credits which are said under the existing system to have produced so much mischief. The publishers are not bound to trust any one whom they believe to be sacrificing his wares by reckless underselling, or to be carrying on business without a profit sufficient for maintaining solvency. But let them not require any pledge from the retail dealer to whom they sell their books *as to* the price which he shall demand in re-selling them. Thus, freedom of action, we hope, may lead to harmony and prosperity."

Before we proceed to offer any of those remarks which we had prepared for our readers at the commencement of the controversy, there is one chapter wanting to complete for them the history of the case. Some weeks since, Mr. J. W. Parker, the bookseller, addressed to a number of authors the following question.—

"If a retail bookseller, of ascertained credit and respectability, applies to you, publisher for copies of any book in which you are directly or indirectly interested, which he is ready to purchase on the terms at which the publisher has offered them to the trade at large, but with the assurance of retaining his purchases at a reasonable profit that provided for between the wholesale rate and the retail price fixed for single copies, do you consider the intention to sell at a low rate of profit a good and sufficient reason why the publisher should refuse to supply him with books which he is ready to purchase and to keep in stock at his own

—Letters from one hundred persons in reply Mr. Parker has since published in a pamphlet form;— and in an introductory note he says:—

"In addition to the letters contained in this pamphlet, we have received many verbal communications, but in no one instance have we been directed to refuse supplying retail booksellers on account of their selling at reduced

—These letters, we may add—many of them from eminent men of letters, and altogether constituting a good representation of the literary body—are unanimous, and some of them very emphatic, in

their assertion of the principle of free trade in books.

For ourselves, we have never had any doubt on the matter:—but as our own views, though tending in the same direction as those of the eminent referees and of the literary hundred, shape themselves in a somewhat different mould—as we arrive at the goal of free trade by a different path,—we will let the statement of our opinions stand here as they were originally framed for the consideration of our readers.

Heretofore, in the old world days, the publishing business was carried on after the old world fashion—a fashion, no doubt, which grew out of the necessities of the time, and shaped itself to them. The means of intercommunication were comparatively few and imperfect; and intermediate agents and agencies were required between the book-publisher and the book-buyer. These agents and agencies were of a number, character and cost determined by the circumstances. Springing out of the wants of the trade, they were the condition of its existence. It is matter of the merest course that the man whom they served had to pay for them:—and the question naturally arose—How? Two ways were open:—that the publisher should advertise his book at the price at which, *bond fide*, he was prepared to sell it to all customers, leaving the local bookseller to superadd the expenses of his agency and a fair profit thereon,—or, that the publisher should advertise the book at such price as would enable him to allow a discount to the retailer sufficient to cover the expenses and yield him a profit. The last was the plan adopted:—and it has, we are told, been in existence for a century. This discount—or trade allowance, as it is called—varies from 25 to 40 per cent,—giving, we believe, an average of about 33½ per cent.

The mere fact that this plan is a century old, would on the face of it be a probable objection. No technical scheme of social arrangement can have in it a natural life of a hundred years. But, even at the time of its adoption, the plan in question, though it may have been the best that suggested itself, was open to objection. Its uniformity involved always a fallacy and an injustice. If the discount were such as to allow a sufficient profit to the bookseller at York or at Exeter, at John O'Groats or at the Land's End, after deducting all expenses of agents and of transmission,—it is obvious that the London tradesman who sold the book at the same price and was allowed the same discount—who had employed no agent, incurred no expenses—must have a remuneration out of all proportion to the ordinary profits of trade,—and that the purchaser paid for much more than he bought. Still, in this, as in other cases of free and unfettered action, no permanent wrong would result to the public. Extraordinary profits of course brought extraordinary numbers into the field,—and numbers led to competition. While one man kept to large profits, and gave long credit,—another tempted the purchaser by selling at small profits, and found his remuneration in ready money payments. This was the natural issue:—left to itself, the trade regulated itself. Now, however, came the grievance of which the dissentient publishers and booksellers have been complaining,—and respecting which they appealed to the public.

It appears from an article in the *Westminster Review* that at a meeting of publishers and booksellers, held at Exeter Hall in July, 1851, it was resolved, that the following declaration should be signed by every bookseller residing within twelve miles of the General Post Office before he could be allowed to trade with the subscribers.—

"1st. That we will not supply books at trade price, except to those who are in possession of a ticket [that is, to a Member of the Association]. Special trades dealing occasionally in books, connected with their trade, may be supplied with such books at trade price at the discretion of each bookseller. 2nd. That, as a general rule, no greater allowance than 10½ per cent. for cash be made to private customers unconnected with the trade or with publishing. 3rd. That, as a general rule, no greater allowance than 13½ per cent. be made to Book Societies. 4th. That we will not advertise or ticket at less than the publication price copy-right books, unless *bond fide* second-hand, or unless depreciated by the publisher, or such as are notoriously unsuccessful. We mutually agree that any one systematically acting contrary to these regulations after remonstrance,

shall be no longer considered entitled to the privileges of the trade."

—To this declaration, we are told, 1,200 booksellers gave in their adhesion and affixed their names.

It must, we think, be admitted that these regulations were somewhat startling. That they were restrictive and arbitrary, is manifest on the face of the document itself. What is the meaning of all the reservations and qualifications about 10 per cent. and 15 per cent.,—about discretion, general rules, *bona fides*, and so forth? Assuming that books are not published at too high a price,—why are there two prices to a book? Assuming that the Associated had a right to dictate the terms on which every other bookseller should conduct his business,—why is discount allowed at all? Why are not books sold to the initiated and the uninitiated at the same price?—Then, who was to interpret all the qualifying clauses in this law? According to the *Westminster Review* they have been very stringently enforced in some cases—very largely and loosely in others. In no instance, says the writer in the *Westminster*, have "small booksellers" been permitted to interpret the Rules "favourably to their own interest with impunity";—whereas "the chairman" of the Association, when challenged on the subject, was forced to admit, as we learn from the same writer, that he supplied books to the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge at 25 per cent. discount, and that the Society resold them to its members at cost price. Another influential member of the Association tendered for the supply of books to one of our colleges, and supplied them also at 25 per cent. discount, besides sending them carriage free. Again, when the library was not long since formed at the Bank of England, the books were delivered by another member of the Association at 25 per cent. less than the publishing price. Other examples to the same effect are given.—On the other hand—in proof of the stern rigour with which the law was occasionally enforced,—the case out of which this discussion has immediately grown may be adduced.

Mr. John Chapman—a young, enterprising, and respectable bookseller in the Strand—is a large importer of American books. Of course he was accustomed to announce by advertisement the arrival of such books and the price—out of which he allowed to the trade the customary 25 or 30 per cent. When, in consequence of his advertisement, orders were received from local booksellers by the London agents, all situated in or about Paternoster Row, the clerks or collectors of those agents—who of course, like other people, transact business with the least possible trouble—obtained the books not from Mr. Chapman, who resides at a distance, but from the nearest importer who happens to have his house of business in their immediate neighbourhood:—so that, the effect of Mr. Chapman's advertisement was, to sell his rivals' books and not his own. To remedy this wrong—and in the belief that the increased price consequent on the discount allowed to the trade tended to restrict sales,—Mr. Chapman resolved to avail himself of the facilities now offered by the Post Office—to put himself into direct communication with the book-buyers—and to advertise his American books at the cost price with a small profit per-cent superadded. Thereupon, up rose "the twelve hundred"—a meeting of the Association was summoned,—and Mr. Chapman was officially informed, that if he persevered in letting the public have even these American books at prices yielding less than the per-cent fixed by the Association, he would no longer be permitted to deal with the trade, nor would the trade deal with him. The alternative, the reader will see, was simply this:—If you sell the books which you import, you shall sell no other,—if you sell other books, you shall not sell the books which you import.

This certainly appeared to be a hard case; yet we are not satisfied that impunity to Mr. Chapman would have been justice to others. It does seem to us an absurdity which Mr. Chapman himself overlooks, that while he would not allow a discount to the trade on the books which he sold, he should

require a discount from the trade on the books which he bought. Be this as it may, however, the stopping Mr. Chapman was, at any rate, an injury to the public.

Where, then, is the remedy? The *Westminster Review*, so far as we understand it, seems to be of opinion that the discount allowed is too great, and should be reduced. This we think is another fallacy. It appears to us to be a waiver of the whole question. There is but one principle in the matter; and the public have nothing to do with the more or the less.—Besides, 5 or 10 per cent. may be sufficient for a man residing in the Strand, who sells for ready money, when it would be far from sufficient to cover the expenses of agencies, letters, parcels, and perhaps long credits, at York or at Exeter. The sole, simple and safe principle seems to be, in this as in all other cases—leave the buyer and the seller to arrange terms between themselves. If the old principle, of a nominal price and a discount, will not meet the new circumstances without the controlling interference of an Association, whose interference it seems to us impossible to justify, why not try the alternative which met us at starting?—Let the publisher announce the *bond fide* price, and leave agency expenses and profits to be super-added by the local bookseller. These would soon arrange themselves; and booksellers in the several localities would, according to circumstances, undertake to do business at a fixed per-cent. It seems to have been doubted whether the local bookseller could obtain an advance on the publishing prices. Why not?—He does obtain it now, under justifying circumstances, and he must obtain it. Newspapers, like books, are published on the old-world principle of a discount allowed to the trade; yet, though fivepence is stamped on the face of them, there is no fixed price at which they are retailed. We have reason to know that some clubs are supplied at a trifle above the *wholesale* price,—country subscribers at a trifle above the *retail*; and they are sold at railway stations for sixpence. Yet no one complains. We cannot see why it should not be so with books. If a publisher objects to become a retailer, he may regulate his business as he pleases by the simple announcement that he will not sell less than a dozen, or twenty, or fifty copies. Book-buyers will then know that they must get such publisher's book through a bookseller, and must be content to have superadded to the price enough to cover expenses, profit, and risk of speculation. It appears to us contrary to the first principles of trade to interfere with a publisher or importer who is pleased to superadd the retail to the wholesale trade,—or to dictate the terms on which only he shall carry on his business. A man at York, at Edinburgh, or at Elgin, when he orders a book from the local bookseller knows that he must pay the resident bookseller a profit for the agency by which he brings it thither,—pay him perhaps for credit,—pay the London agent, and all other agencies and expenses. Why should he object to pay 20 or 30 per cent. added to the advertised price of 14s., when he pays now 33½ per cent. included in a charge of 20s.? What the actual rate of payment should be, we know not; nor can we conceive any rate of payment which would be equally just when applied to a bookseller at Elgin and to a bookseller in the Strand. Mr. Murray says, that "experience has shown" that 25 per cent. "is not too much to enable the retailer to display the author's and publisher's wares in expensive shops, grant long credit, pay carriage, keep clerks and porters, and, above all, to speculate in the purchases of new books." Possibly not: we could easily name cases in which it would be insufficient. But should not the remuneration in each case be determined by its own circumstances? Why should a man pay for the costly shop at which he does not deal,—for credit which he does not take,—for clerks, porters and carriage which he does not employ,—or for speculations which perhaps he does not approve of?

Let us put a case,—as it has been tried. Mr. Chapman under the old system announced one of his American books at the price of 15s. A gentleman at Elgin desired to have a copy, and sent his order through the local bookseller. The book was

bought, we will assume, by the London agent from Mr. Chapman for 10s. In probably a month—or perhaps two months—it reached Elgin; and was delivered to the gentleman who ordered it, at the advertised price of 15s. Under the new system, Mr. Chapman advertises the book at 10s. A post-office order for that amount is transmitted;—and in probably a week or ten days the gentleman has the book delivered at his own door for an additional shilling, or less.—So it would have been for the interference of the Association. The bookseller sold his book, and was content,—the book-buyer got the book, and was well pleased to have got it so much earlier than usual:—when in stepped the Association, and insisted that the bookbuyer should pay not only the agent which he had employed (the Post Office)—but all the other agents that he might have employed but did not.

The grievance of which the dissentients have complained is much older than the public generally suppose. Some sixty or seventy years since the trade regulations were complained of,—and twenty years since Mr. Babbage brought the question under consideration. But Rowland Hill is now in the field,—and whatever the one party may think as to its power of coercion, or the other as to its power of resistance, Rowland Hill and his Post-Office regulations will, we suspect, enforce a change and determine what it shall be.—That in the progress of change many suffer, is a consequence of all great changes:—and we fear that in the revolution which time and circumstance are certainly bringing about, much inconvenience will result in the publishing and bookselling trades. For this reason, we repeat, we shall be glad to see the matter amicably adjusted,—and within the trades themselves. If the public interest demand change, the public *will* have it:—the old agents and agencies should therefore adapt *themselves* to the altered circumstances,—and the only consideration should be, how with the least sacrifice of existing interests to meet a reform which Rowland Hill has made inevitable.

THE UNIVERSITY OF LONDON AND THE GRADUATES' MOVEMENT.

YOUR readers have been made aware from your reports of proceedings at University College and from other sources, that the Graduates of the University of London are at present, and have been for some time past, moving for admission to a recognized position in that body. As the meaning of this movement and the grounds on which it rests may possibly be not fully understood, I ask your permission to do in your columns what I can to explain and justify them.

The University of London, as at present constituted, exists by virtue of a Royal Charter granted in 1837. By this instrument the Crown appointed thirty-eight noblemen, prelates, and gentlemen to be one body politic and corporate, under the name of "The University of London"—and gave to them in this corporate capacity the entire management of the affairs, concerns, and property of the University, together with power to examine for and grant degrees in Arts, Law, and Medicine, subject in certain respects to the control of a Secretary of State. The Charter further declares, that the body corporate so created shall consist of one Chancellor, one Vice-Chancellor, and such a number of Fellows as the Crown shall from time to time appoint, or as shall be so elected as will be presently mentioned. The Chancellor, Vice-Chancellor, and Fellows are to form the Senate of the University. Vacancies in the Chancellorship are filled up by the Crown,—the Vice-Chancellor is elected annually by the members of the Senate,—and with regard to the Fellows, there is a provision that, if they shall ever be reduced in number below twenty-five (exclusive of the Chancellor and Vice-Chancellor), the Senate shall have power to elect twelve or more persons to be Fellows, so as to make up the full number of thirty-six (exclusive, as before, of the Chancellor and Vice-Chancellor). The degrees of the University are granted, after examination, to those who have produced certificates of studentship from certain Institutions mentioned in the Charter (of which University College and King's College, in London, are the principal),—the Crown

serving to itself the privilege of from time to time authorizing other institutions to issue such certificates.

By a supplemental Charter granted in 1850, students of the other English Universities, the Scotch Universities, and the University of Dublin are admitted to the examinations for the London degrees on producing certificates similar to the above.

From this statement it will appear that the University of London consists at present of a board of nominees of the Crown, incorporated by charter, with a power of making up their full complement by election in case the Government should ever suffer their numbers to fall below a certain limit.

Now, the alterations in this constitution which the Graduates ask for, are mainly as follows.—They wish that all graduates should be admitted into the corporate body of the University, and should when of a certain standing have the right of meeting in convocation. They would have convocation simply a deliberative body, the assent of which should not be necessary to give validity to any act of the Senate except the surrender of the existing, or the acceptance of a new, Charter: they would, however, give it the power of nominating a certain list of persons, out of whom a certain proportion of all future senators should be chosen by the Crown.

These demands of the Graduates have been submitted by the Senate to the consideration of a special committee. The result of their labours will, it is expected, be made known in a few days; and it is sincerely hoped that it may be such as to reduce the statements made in this letter to a merely historical significance.

If the present Senate should determine to accept a new charter, in which the alterations sought for, and which are set forth above, are conceded, the Graduates will become, what they are not at present, a component part of the University,—and will, moreover, have a recognized means of communicating as graduates with the Senate. They will have some check on the governing body, while they will not, and in fact cannot, interfere with administrative details.

That these demands are not made unreasonably will perhaps appear from the following considerations.—

Under the present constitution the Graduates are nearly as much strangers to the University as if they had never entered its examination-rooms or received its diplomas. Their degrees once conferred, they have, as graduates, no further connexion with one another, or with the body to which they are said to belong; and though they may be reasonably supposed to have at heart the welfare of the University, they have no means of even expressing an interest in its affairs, much less of exercising any control over them.

Now, it must not be supposed that, by desiring to have a voice in matters affecting the University, the Graduates are impliedly charging the present Senate with neglect or indifference. That to them is entirely due whatever credit at present attaches to our degrees is admitted by all,—and for the care with which, as far as they were able, they have watched over the University from its commencement, our gratitude is not only due, but is really felt.

It must, however, be remembered, that the present Senate numbers among its members many of the original founders of the University; and there is surely some show of reason for fear, that succeeding Senators, if the constitution of the University remains the same, may not, because it is not natural that they should, take as deep an interest in its well-being and advancement as those who presided over its origin.

The intention of the Government in 1837 was, to give to those excluded from Oxford and Cambridge by religious tests a University. An examining and registering board, sitting among other Government boards in Somerset House, is not, we maintain, a University. That the admission of the graduates to form a recognized part of the body corporate must be considered an important element in the idea of a University, is, we

think, a conclusion at which we may legitimately arrive, from the consideration of a long list of examples, beginning with Paris in the twelfth century and ending with Durham in the nineteenth.

That the constitution established by the Charter of 1837 was intended to be only provisional, would seem almost to be indicated by the instrument itself; for, it will be observed, the Senate of the University is spoken of as distinct from the body corporate of the University,—a distinction to which no practical effect could be given at the time of the grant.

The Senate themselves, moreover, looked on the form given to the University by the Charter as merely temporary. This is evident from the fact that as early as 1840—that is, only in the second year of granting degrees—a committee of their whole body, distinctly and of their own accord, declared the expediency of forming the Graduates into a constituent part of the University as soon as their numbers and standing should be sufficient for the purpose.

Such, then, being the grounds on which the claims of the Graduates of the University of London are based, there would appear to be only two ways of successfully meeting them—first, by denying altogether the fitness of the Graduates to be intrusted with the privileges which they demand,—secondly, by denying that the time has yet come when they could safely be so intrusted.

It is difficult to imagine the first ground of objection being maintained by any but the most determined enemy of the University. If the education given in the Colleges which are affiliated to and recognized by the University is so defective, if the examination test of the University is so worthless, that men who have received that education and been approved under those tests, and who are now engaged in active life as physicians, lawyers, bankers, merchants, and ministers of congregations, are unfit to be trusted with any influence or to be allowed any voice in a matter in which they are particularly interested, and on which they might be supposed capable of forming a rational opinion, then let us at once honestly confess that our opponents have been right, that the University of London is a humbug, and that the sooner it is consigned along with other popular delusions to the contempt which it deserves the better for the credit of its founders and supporters.

As a branch of this first supposed ground of opposition, I may mention an objection which it is rumoured has some force with those who would otherwise be not disinclined to listen to our claims.

The objection is, that the Graduates' movement is a sectarian movement, and has for its object the conversion of the University from a liberal into an exclusive institution, and especially the expulsion of the Catholics from the enjoyment of its benefits. How this rumour can have arisen, and to what it points, is a perfect mystery to the Graduates. It is so entirely false—nay, more, it is really so absurd,—that when alluded to by one of the Graduates' Committee at our last Annual General Meeting it was received by the audience with derisive laughter. At the last election of new members to serve on the Committee, an Independent was proposed by a Jew and seconded by a Catholic—a Unitarian was proposed by a Churchman and seconded by a Quaker,—and so on through all the permutations and combinations of our religious creeds. This Committee has now been in full operation for more than four years, and there has never yet been the slightest interruption to good feeling among its several members. That the Catholics themselves have no fear of any such intolerance as this rumour would point to, is evident from an article on "The University of London" in the *Catholic Standard* a fortnight since, which treats the notion with the ridicule that it deserves.

Nothing could more clearly show how little the wishes, feelings, and intentions of the Graduates are understood in certain quarters, than the fact that such rumour could possibly arise; nothing could more clearly show that if we have no recognized means of communication with the Senate, or with them with us, they will misunderstand us, and we shall misunderstand them, to our mutual annoyance

and inconvenience, and to the injury of the University at large.

Next, if our claims are in themselves just and reasonable, has the time arrived when they may be granted with safety? We submit that it has. The University of London numbers now about 700 Graduates, and this number increases at the rate of about 70 a year. The average age of the Graduates is about thirty years, and nearly one-half of their number are engaged in professional pursuits in or near the metropolis. With such facts before us we contend, that if the Graduates of the University of London are not altogether unfit for the exercise of a privilege conceded to the graduates of every other English university (including even the recently established University of Durham), the time has now arrived when the basis of the University may be widened by the admission of the Graduates to a recognized position in it.

The question is not a theoretical one: it is one which practically affects the value of our degrees. The graduate of any one of the other English Universities becomes a member of a powerful corporation, in whose honours and associations he shares, and to the other members of which he is linked by common interests, common objects, and a strong *esprit de corps*.

The graduate of the University of London, when he has once taken his degree, has no further interest in the University, for he remains external to it. He is not taken up into a system,—but is tested, stamped, and registered by a Board, and then dismissed, like a bale of goods or a cask of spirit. If the certificate alone gives its value to the degree, why not have been content with it alone? Why not have avoided the opposition of Oxford and Cambridge before the Privy Council in 1833? Why not have resigned all claim to titles which from ancient times have been employed as the marks of academic distinction, and instead of "Bachelor of Arts" have adopted the more humble but cumbersome appellation of "Certified Proficient in Classical and Mathematical Learning"? It was because it was felt that a certificate, however honourably obtained, is not equivalent to an academic degree, that the supporters of the University so strongly insisted in 1833 on having the power to grant degrees under the old names. What we now maintain is, that our academical distinctions, though in name degrees, are, in fact, certificates only.

There can be little doubt that the anomalous constitution of the University of London has much to do with the fact that such thing as a private benefaction in its favour is unknown. Is there any sufficient reason why there should be no University library—no University museums—no memorials of the interest of individuals in its welfare and progress? The Colleges frequently receive legacies and other benefactions,—why should not the University also? The answer appears to be simply this,—that as few people would care to bestow their property on "The Board of Works" or "The Commissioners of Inland Revenue," so no one cares to give his money to "The Commissioners for granting Degrees in Arts, Law, and Medicine, called by courtesy the University of London." "The University of London has no property," was the reply the other day of a legislator, when asked why that institution should not be exempted (as Oxford, Cambridge, and Durham are) from the operation of the Charitable Trusts Bill? It certainly has no property at present, but is there any reason against its ever having any?—and if there be, is it not to be found in the fact that its present constitution repels it?

It is only within the last few days that an additional and very forcible instance of the prejudicial manner in which the present incomplete organization of the University affects its interests has been made public. The extent to which I have already trespassed on your columns will not allow me to enter fully into the question of the franchise. Suffice it to say, that presumptuous as it might seem for so young and comparatively small a University to petition for the privilege of returning members to Parliament, this privilege the Graduates did petition for,—and, what is more, they received great encouragement to persevere in their attempt from

many public men of eminence to whom they addressed themselves. They formed one set of claimants for the seats left vacant by the disfranchisement of Sudbury and St. Albans. Their claims were supported by many of the leading daily and weekly journals, and spoken of with respect by others. At length the time came for the Government to give their decision. That decision, as made known by the Chancellor of the Exchequer in his speech on Monday last, was, indeed, unfavourable to the immediate granting of the privilege sought for, but fully recognized the justice of the claim. And what is most worthy of observation is, that the refusal was based not so much on the smallness of the proposed constituency as on the *imperfect constitution of the University*.

Similar ground was taken by the Premier in his reply to a deputation of Graduates on the same subject.

Now, taking all these matters into consideration, can it be said that the Graduates of the University of London have no practical reasons for desiring an alteration in the constitution of that body? Is a constitution which on the face of it is merely provisional—which lowers the value of the degrees—which repels instead of attracting those accretions of private bounty that give dignity to a University and enable it to extend its sphere of usefulness—which, lastly, has been the great bar to the granting of the franchise, and of thus removing another mark of inferiority to the older Universities—such a constitution as none but factious subjects could complain of? Will the English Liberals rest content with this execution of the promise that the University of London should, as far as possible, be placed on an equality with the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge?

A GRADUATE OF THE UNIVERSITY OF LONDON.

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

Sir E. Belcher's instructions have just been made public. They may, however, be considered more in the light of suggestions—for to Sir Edward is given full latitude to "decide as the case shall present itself." The main features of the instruction are, that the expedition shall proceed without delay to Beechey Island, which is to be regarded as the basis of future operations. The North Star, store ship, is to remain there as a dépôt,—and Sir E. Belcher is then directed to endeavour to pass up Wellington Channel with one sailing vessel and one steamer, and to send a similar force to Melville Island. The object of the first expedition is, to discover Sir John Franklin,—and that of the second, to deposit provisions, &c. for any parties that may reach Melville Island from Captain Collinson's or Commander M'Cleare's ships. These instructions, of course, may be either modified or rendered entirely void, should records of Sir John Franklin's route be found at Beechey Island or in its vicinity; and as proper search was not made for them by the late expeditions—the cairns themselves only having been examined and not the ground at some distance from them—it is very probable that Sir E. Belcher's examination may have better success. Although Sir E. Belcher is urged to do all in his power to accomplish the object of his mission, he is strictly charged to return to England when his stock of provisions shall have been reduced to twelve months' full allowance; and he is forbidden to make use of any of the provisions or stores at Port Leopold, or at Navy Board Inlet, unless compelled to do so by absolute necessity.

The project for uniting the literary and scientific institutions of the country into one body under the auspices of the Society of Arts has this week taken an organized shape. Delegates from about two hundred Institutes have met, and passed resolutions embodying the views proposed by Mr. Chester,—and which are already familiar to our readers. A deputation from the body has been admitted to an interview with Prince Albert, who expressed his interest in the matter and his approval of the organization now begun. A dinner and a conference have brought the proceedings to their present stage. Of the particular modes in which the Institutes propose to take advantage of

the union so brought about, the general opinion of the delegates appeared to be, that a corps of lecturers should be formed with the view to giving courses of lectures partaking somewhat of the nature of college classes,—that the institutions should make out lists of such books as they wish to obtain, in order that exchanges may be effected between themselves and arrangements made with publishers for a reduction in price on taking a large quantity,—that a circulating library of expensive books and instruments should be formed,—that a moveable exhibition of inventions and improvements in machinery and manufactures should be got together,—and that the aid of men of great attainments should be sought in establishing classes in circuits, with the object of giving greater educational scope and power to the institutions. These objects seem to be all more or less attainable at once.

The Committee for cleansing the Serpentine have had another interview at the office of Works, to urge on Lord John Manners the necessity which exists for removing the mud deposits from that stream. The only question, it seems, is that of expense; for Government admits the full extent of the evil complained of. As was urged at the interview, questions which affect the health of London should be determined on higher considerations than those of money. But the cholera, it seems, is already on its march,—and in this as in other matters which are left just as they were when the destroyer last raised the siege of London, the first flutter of his blue flag within sight of our walls may arouse the sluggish conscience of Government to do from fear what no mere statement of the principles in issue has been able to extort from them.

The fate of the Crystal Palace is settled. Parliament having refused to keep it on the old site—a private company has been formed to carry out some of the objects projected for it in Hyde Park. The prospectus of this company states that the building is to be taken down and removed to Sydenham. It will be there re-erected with certain slight changes in the form, adapted, as it is thought, to bring better out its proportions and to answer the purpose of a winter garden. It will stand, says the prospectus, in a park of 150 acres in extent,—in which it is proposed to plant every tree and shrub that will bear the rigours of our climate. The garden under glass is to cover eighteen acres; and, like Continental gardens, to be properly adorned with statuary—models from living artists and casts from the celebrated works of antiquity. Sections are to be devoted to the illustration of soils, rocks and strata, and specimens of woods, metals, earths and minerals, are also, it is said, to form part of the collections. The prospectus speaks, too, of an exhibition of costumes, produce and manufactures from various nations, similar in kind, if not equal in extent and variety, to the one so recently closed. The proprietors promise a department of machinery,—and also models of famous architectural ruins. To render the edifice accessible to the general public of London, it is announced that a branch line will be made from a near point of the Brighton Railway—another from the Bricklayers' Arms, and a third from the Waterloo Road; the common terminus being within the building. The managers of the company promise to have the Sydenham Palace ready for the reception of the general public on the 1st of May 1853.

A meeting was held on the 14th inst. for the purpose of taking into consideration the best means of paying a tribute of respect to the memory of the late Marquis of Northampton:—when it was determined that the best memorial would be a sepulchral monument, to be placed in the new part of St. Sepulchre's Church, at Northampton. The precise nature of such monument will, of course, depend on the amount of subscriptions which shall be received.

A Correspondent writes to inquire from us the result of the explanations demanded in the matter of the Baroness von Beck. We can only say—as we did in our last remarks on this subject—that the matter has not been explained. Mr. Toumou Smith—the person most nearly concerned, so far at least as the public had an opportunity of know-

ing—published some months ago a brief note from Kossuth on the subject,—which, as we pointed out at the time, rather confirmed than otherwise the story told by the unhappy lady. What further light M. Kossuth, were he properly appealed to on the subject, might be able to throw on the case, we cannot tell,—but should he return to England this summer, our correspondent and others who, like himself, feel uneasy at the idea of so painful a mystery remaining shrouded in its original darkness, may find some opportunity for seeking an explanation.

The *Journal des Débats* announces a discovery which, for the present at least, seems to set a long-agitated literary question at rest. As many of our readers well know, the authorship of the famous work commonly ascribed to Thomas à Kempis, 'De Imitatione Christi,' has been disputed for nearly four centuries. A small library has been written on the theme,—especially by French and Netherland antiquaries,—and the tendency of opinion in France, at least, has been to give the merit of this celebrated production to John Gerson, Chancellor of the University of Paris, who died in 1429. Kempis was an excellent copyist; his copy of the Bible—the labour of fifteen years—was thought a masterpiece of calligraphic art; and it has been inferred by M. Barbier and M. Leroy that he was merely employed in transcribing the work of Gerson. This inference has been drawn mainly from the name and date of an ancient manuscript of the 'De Imitatione' preserved in the Library at Valenciennes. But, as we learn from the *Débats*, M. Malou, Bishop of Bruges, has found a manuscript in the Library at Brussels which bears the name of Thomas à Kempis ten years older in date than the one at Valenciennes,—and M. Muller, Bishop of Munster, has discovered several old MS. copies, one of which is of the same date as the Brussels MS., and also bears the name of Kempis. "Thus," says our contemporary, "the pious recluse of the fifteenth century, Master Thomas of Mount St. Agnes and canon of Utrecht, called Thomas à Kempis from the name of Kempen, the place of his birth, is now re-established as the true author of this celebrated and imitable work." With this decision Belgian antiquaries will of course be satisfied. The controversy was one of dates and names; and the attempt to encumber it, as M. Barbier did, with comparisons of style and thought was of little use. Almost every writer has his one best book.

Soon after the death of the eminent naturalist, the late Mr. William Thompson, the members of the Natural History and Philosophical Society of Belfast appointed a committee to consider the most suitable mode of doing honour to his memory; and after receiving the report of that committee, they decided on erecting an addition to the Belfast Museum, to be called "The Thompson Room,"—and to be appropriated to the exhibition of those collections which he had presented or bequeathed to the Museum, together with such other specimens as would be illustrative of his writings, and, consequently, of the natural history of Ireland. In this additional building, it is intended that a suitable inscription shall also be placed, stating the circumstances under which it was erected, and the names of the subscribers. In the first instance it was intended to confine the contribution to the town and neighbourhood of Belfast; but it having been suggested that there are probably many elsewhere who would not only be desirous of subscribing, "but who would feel themselves personally slighted if such a matter were conducted so privately as to be done without their knowledge," the circular inviting subscriptions is now extended to the scientific friends and admirers of the late Mr. Thompson in general.

The telegraphic wires are now completed between Amiens and Boulogne—by which means the latter port is placed in immediate communication with Paris—a fact of some interest for the thousands of English who pass a part of their summer in that pleasant bathing-place.

The Society for promoting a system of Cheap International Postage has not laboured in vain. Already, we are given to understand, the Govern-

ment has taken the matter up,—and the authorities at St. Martin's-le-Grand are engaged in considering the details of plan with view to its adoption, if considered feasible. The main features of the scheme now under discussion are—a great reduction of the present oceanic rates, and their equalization for all countries falling into a certain class.

The Poor Law Commissioners, with a view to the introduction of suitable books into workhouse schools for the use of scholars and teachers, have made arrangements with several publishers to supply for the use of such schools books and maps, at prices varying from 32 to 55 per cent.—the average being 43 per cent.—under the price at which, as we believe, the same books and maps are sold to the public. Among the subjects embraced in the lists of books made out by the Commissioners, are, reading lessons, grammar, arithmetic, geography, English history, mensuration, vocal music, &c. Workhouse schools requiring these works are to transmit a list to the Poor Law Board, who will direct their booksellers to supply such as may be ordered.

The election of the perpetual Secretary of the Academy of Inscriptions and Belles Lettres, in Paris, in place of the Baron de Walckenaer, has terminated in favour of M. Bourroul. The successful candidate had for rivals MM. Guizot, Quartremère, and Boissonade.

Another eminent and honourable name is added to the list of victims to the present barbarian Government of France. M. Barthélémy St. Hilaire has refused to take the oath of allegiance,—and in a fortnight he will be deprived of the chair which he has long filled with so much ability at the Collège de France. The sacrifice which M. St. Hilaire has made to principle is the more to be honoured, since he has no private fortune, and has reached a time of life when it is hard to begin the world anew. But the loss of his well-earned means of subsistence is, we know, a light evil in his eyes compared to the loss of a sphere of activity which he regarded as eminently useful and honourable, and which he had acquired by twenty-seven years of laborious devotion to learning and philosophy. With what sentiments M. St. Hilaire regards his allegiance to his sublime mistress, may be seen in the following words, addressed to a friend in this country:—"Par le temps qui court, la Philosophie n'a pas de faute à faire; et la faiblesse en était une dans cette circonstance. Je ne me donne pas pour le représentant de la Philosophie; mais on pourra dire, du moins, qu'en ma personne elle n'a point abaisse son drapeau."—We need not bespeak the sympathy of honourable and enlightened Englishmen for these voluntary exiles from a land which is content to wear her chains as if they were garlands. To such men we give our respect—not our pity. The pity is for the unhappy country which can amuse itself with tawdry shows, while its best sons—all who gave her any title to be, what she fondly thought herself, the head of civilization—are trodden down under the iron heel of an adventurer.—Another victim of the same system of proscription, who deserves honourable mention wherever learning and independence are prized, is, M. Alexandre Thomas. This well-known French writer is now in London, drawing audiences twice a week at Willis's Rooms to hear his "Conferences on the History of the Establishment of the Monarchical Power in France during the reign of Louis the Thirteenth." Our readers should hear these clear, animated, and effective discourses.

ROYAL ACADEMY OF ARTS, Trafalgar Square.—The EXHIBITION of the ROYAL ACADEMY IS NOW OPEN.—Admission, (from Eight o'clock till Seven), 1s.; Catalogue, 1s.

JOHN PRESCOTT KNIGHT, R.A., Sec.

SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS.—The FORTY-EIGHTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION IS NOW OPEN at their Gallery, 5, Pall Mall East, from Nine till dusk.—Admission, 1s. Catalogue, 6d.

GEORGE FRIPP, Sec.

THE NEW SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS.—THE EIGHTEENTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION IS NOW OPEN, at their Gallery, 33, Pall Mall, near St. James's Palace, from Nine o'clock till dusk.—Admission, 1s.

JAMES FAHEY, Secretary.

THE NATIONAL INSTITUTION OF FINE ARTS.—THE EXHIBITION of the above Association is NOW OPEN, daily, at the Portland Gallery, No. 316, Regent Street, opposite the Polytechnic Institution, from 9 a.m. till dusk.—Admission, 1s. Catalogue, 1s. Season Tickets, 5s. each. BELL SMITH, Secretary.

The AMATEUR EXHIBITION is NOW OPEN, at the Gallery, 121, Pall Mall, opposite the Opera-House Colonnade, comprising over THREE HUNDRED ORIGINAL WORKS, entirely by Amateur Artists.—Open daily, from Ten till dusk.—Admission, 1s.; Catalogue, 1s.

GALLERY OF ILLUSTRATION, 14, Regent Street.—The Grand Annual Drawing-room, containing the WELLINGTON CAMPAIGNS in INDIA, PORTUGAL, AND SPAIN, together with the BATTLE OF WATERLOO, is NOW EXHIBITING, daily, at Three and Eight o'clock.—Admission, 1s.; Stalls, 2s. ed.: Reserved Seats, 3s. Doors open half-an-hour before each representation.

PATRON—H.R.H. PRINCE ALBERT.
ROYAL POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTION.—BACHHOFFNER & DEPRIE'S NEW PATENT POLYTECHNIC GAS FIRE will be EXHIBITED and LECTURED ON, on Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, at half-past Three, and on Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday, at Eight o'clock, in the Lecture Room, by George Buckland, Esq., with Vocal Illustrations every Evening, except Saturday, at Eight o'clock.—A LECTURE, by J. H. Pepper, Esq., on Glynn & Appel's PATENT PAPER for the prevention of Piracy, and a Lecture by LANCASTER'S PROCESS.—LECTURE ON BRITISH TUBULAR BRIDGE, by Mr. E. Clarke's beautiful Model.—LECTURE ON VOLTAIC ELECTRICITY, by Dr. Bachofen.—A splendid NEW SERIES of DISSOLVING VIEWS.—Exhibition of the MICROSCOPE.—DIVER and DIVING BELL, &c. &c.—Admission, 1s.; Schools and Children under ten years of age, Half-price.

SCIENTIFIC

SOCIETIES.

GEOGRAPHICAL.—May 10.—Sir R. I. Murchison, President, in the chair.—Col. E. Sabine, Lieut. J. Lyons M'Leod, R.N., and H. Edwards, Esq., were elected Fellows.—The papers read were—"Observations taken with the Aneroid in Syria and Palestine," by Capt. W. Allen, R.N.—"Sketch of the Geography of Borneo," by J. Craufurd, Esq.—"On the Volcanic Group of Milo," by Lieut. Leycester, R.N.—The President announced that the catalogue of the books and pamphlets in the library had been published since the last meeting:—and that the Anniversary Meeting would be held on Monday the 24th inst. at the Society's apartments, —when the royal medals for the year would be delivered to Dr. J. Rae and Capt. H. Strachey, and the annual address on the progress of geographical science and discovery would be delivered.

SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.—April 29.—Viscount Mahon, President, in the chair.—Dr. Nicholson, rector of St. Albans Abbey church, sent a present of a lithograph of a fresco painting found recently in that church, and two impressions of an ancient Papal Bull there existing.—Mr. H. Shaw exhibited an important series of drawings of the curious pavements formerly existing in Jervaulx Abbey, Yorkshire, only portions of which had been preserved. They were of singular beauty,—and Mr. Shaw had so arranged them as to show the original designs to the greatest advantage.—The reading of Mr. S. Gibson's paper on Naworth Castle was continued.

May 6.—J. Payne Collier, Esq. V.P., in the chair.—P. De la Motte, Esq., was elected a member.—Various works contributed to the library were announced:—among them, a document of considerable interest, the very earliest English broadside known, printed in the types of Caxton, and proclaiming to the king's subjects the permission granted by the Pope for the marriage of Henry VII. with the Princess Elizabeth of York. It was a translation from the Latin; and it was not previously known that our earliest printer ever issued a broadside. It is not mentioned in any account of him or of his works.—Mr. Tyrrell, the City Remembrancer, presented a copy of 'The Chronicle of London,' very few impressions of which had been struck off,—we believe at the expense of the donor.

—The Law Institution, by Mr. Pycroft, sent a copy of the Catalogue of its Library.—Colonel Sykes presented to the Museum a singular bas-relief from the Abbey of St. Radagond, in Normandy,—but it was not of an earlier period than the end of the sixteenth century.—Dr. Mantell exhibited a large Roman cinerary urn, discovered by Sir Woodbine Parish in Italy, together with the shell of a land-tortoise found in it. The urn was remarkable on account of a glass funnel which formed the cover, and was itself protected by a piece of flat glass, which had been luted to it. Dr. Mantell verbally explained this peculiarity; and was understood to promise that other remains belonging to Sir W. Parish would ere long be laid before the Society.—Mr. Akerman read a letter, dated 1650, from the son of General Fairfax to his father, showing, what could hardly be doubted, that during the Civil

Wars regiments were provided with many pairs of colours,—generally one pair for each company. The proceedings were concluded by the perusal of the last portion of Mr. S. Gibson's paper 'On the History of Naworth Castle.' The details furnished respecting "belted Will Howard" were new and interesting.

May 13.—Capt. W. H. Smyth, V.P. in the chair.—Mr. Payne Collier presented to the library a small series of Proclamations extending from 1485 to 1713,—the earliest being a unique specimen of Caxton's press, issued on the marriage of Henry the Seventh with the Princess Elizabeth of York, and the latest by Queen Anne, on the imposition of the duty on hides. Some of the intermediate proclamations were of rarity,—particularly several by the Council of State in 1660 on the escape of Lambert from the Tower, and the declaration of the Peers who assembled themselves in 1688 for the government of the kingdom on the abdication of James the Second. The donor wished them to be added to the important collection of broadsides and proclamations already in the library.—A discussion arose on an announcement from the Council, that they had considered it right to recommend to the whole body of the Society the fitness of reducing the expense of becoming a member, by reverting to the old practice, prevailing until 1807, of requiring an annual subscription of only two guineas instead of four, or a composition in lieu of yearly payments of twenty-five guineas instead of forty. It was also proposed to lower the fine on admission from eight guineas to five. It was alleged that many excellent antiquaries were kept out of the Society by the existing high charges, while it was not to be disputed that the study of archaeology did not usually yield such profits as to enable the professors readily to furnish the large sums required. Mr. Pettigrew gave notice of an amendment, merely negativing the policy of the change;—and the whole subject will come on for consideration on Thursday next. It should seem that the project has originated with the Treasurer, who finds himself in a condition, as regards the balance in hand and the capital stock of the Society, to make a present sacrifice in the expectation of obtaining an accession of Fellows more than equivalent to the amount for the time relinquished. He has written and printed a letter to Lord Mahon, the President, urging the adoption of the course,—the purport of which will be found to-day in another part of our columns,—and copies of it were ordered to be delivered to any members who wished to peruse it.

METEOROLOGICAL.—*March 23 and April 27.*—S. C. Whitbread, Esq., President, in the chair.—A paper was read 'On Medical and Agricultural Meteorology and Atmospheric Ozone,' by Dr. Moffatt, as based upon observations made at Hawarden, near Chester, during the years 1850 and 1851. As an element of these investigations, the physical geography of the locality is carefully described; the chief characteristics of which, according to Dr. Moffatt, consist in the different physical conformation of the district in an area of ten miles' radius round Hawarden, itself a village situated on a sandy eminence 460 feet above the level of the sea, that portion situated towards the east being a rich alluvial soil highly cultivated, and that to the west a mining district and comparatively barren. The geological formation of the land is described as consisting chiefly of new red sandstone in the agricultural, and a mixture of carboniferous limestone in the mining district. The results of two years' observations in this locality give a mean reading of the barometer of 29.670 inches; a mean temperature of 48.3°; mean amount of humidity 0.842; mean annual fall of rain 23.6 inches, and S.S.E. as the prevailing direction of the wind. The longevity of the inhabitants is described by the author as remarkable, seventy-five and eighty-five years being a common period of life to which the inhabitants of Hawarden and its neighbourhood attain. After speaking of the discovery of ozone by Prof. Schöbein, its power of decomposing the iodine; and the consequent test of atmospheric ozone formed by a solution of starch with the iodine, Dr.

Moffatt proceeds to describe the mode of preparing the test-papers as used by him in his observations, which consists of one drachm of starch, dissolved in an ounce of water boiled, to which when cold is added ten grains of the iodide of potassium, the whole well mixed together, strips of white paper are then smeared over with the paste and dried before a fire, and protected from light and air;—the amount of atmospheric ozone being measured by the degree of coloration produced upon the paper in a given time, according to Dr. Moffatt's own plan of registration which he fully details. By means of a series of very elaborate tables, an apparent connexion is discoverable between the first appearance, increase, decrease and disappearance of atmospheric ozone with the decrease and increase of the readings of the barometer and thermometer, and the state of the weather generally. Also that prevalent diseases form groups corresponding with certain meteorological conditions. One column in each of these tables is devoted to the investigation of the potato disease, as regards the number of fields affected and the days on which such occurred. A separate table shows the relation existing between individual diseases and the conditions of the atmosphere. In the formation of these tables Dr. Moffatt has paid strict attention to all the lesser fluctuations of the barometer and thermometer, being convinced that there exists a great necessity for so doing, from the slightest variations in the reading of the barometer being followed by a change in the direction of the wind, and the appearance and increase or decrease and disappearance of ozone. Ozone Dr. Moffatt considers to be intimately connected with falls of rain, hail, snow, and sleet and dynamic electricity, but that it is not necessary for any of these to occur for ozone to be produced; for if the barometer reading increases, and a current of air sets in from the northern points of the compass after or with any of these, ozone will disappear, but if the barometer reading decreases and the wind comes from southward it appears to increase in proportion to the decrease of the reading of the barometer and the force of the current. The fall of temperature accompanying ozone he thinks is possibly attributable to the wind becoming north during the continuation of an ozone period or at its termination. An interesting series of diagrams is introduced to show the per-centages of the total number of diseases and deaths which occurred in the years 1850 and 1851, and consists of representations of a compass card, on the outer circle of which are marked the cardinal and intermediate points, and on the inner circle the number of diseases and deaths under the point from which the wind blew at the time they occurred. The result given by these diagrams would appear to indicate that certain diseases prevail with certain directions of the winds. According to the observations contained in this paper, the potato and other diseases occur at the same time and appear to be produced by the same causes. As ozone is invariably attendant upon these causes, Dr. Moffatt was induced to try its effects upon vegetable life by means of actual experiments. In August 1851, two plants were placed under a glass case, so resting upon slips of wood as to permit the air freely to pass beneath and an ozone test-paper was fixed in the crown of each glass. A watch-glass containing a piece of phosphorus was placed upon the soil in the pot which contained a longiflora. In the course of ten hours the test-paper became tinged and the interior of the glass was bedewed with moisture. At noon on the following day, or eighteen hours from the first action of the phosphorus, dew drops were perceived to hang from the points of the leaves; the test-paper in the other glass did not show the slightest change. In two days the leaves began to assume a brownish tinge, and became darker, until nine days after the commencement of the experiment the branches began to droop, and on the tenth the whole plant was completely withered; the ozone paper was not deeply tinged, less so than was frequently found to be the case in twenty-four hours in common atmospheric air. The other plant continued healthy. The experiment was repeated upon two geraniums with the same result; that which was exposed to the

influence of ozone, although the stronger of the two plants, perished in seven days, whilst the other remained possessed of its vitality and continued to blossom. The principal conclusions arrived at by Dr. Moffatt from the observations contained in his paper are,—that the greatest number of diseases occur with decreasing readings of the barometer and thermometer, and with appearance and increase of ozone,—that certain diseases would appear peculiar to certain directions of the wind,—that epilepsy and sudden deaths occur most frequently at the commencement of an ozone period,—that the potato disease accompanies the diseases in the animal kingdom,—and that atmospheric ozone is injurious not only to animal but to vegetable life.

INSTITUTION OF CIVIL ENGINEERS.—*May 18.*—J. M. Rendel, Esq., President, in the chair.—The paper read was, 'Observations on Artificial Hydraulic, or Portland Cement; with an account of the testing of the Brick Beam erected at the Great Exhibition.'

ROYAL INSTITUTION.—*April 2.*—Sir C. Fellows, in the chair.—Sir C. Lyell, 'On the Blackheath Pebble-bed, and on certain Phenomena in the Geology in the Neighbourhood of London.'

April 23.—W. Pole, Esq., V.P. in the chair.—'On the Analogies of Light and Heat,' by the Rev. Baden Powell.

MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

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| MON. | Royal Institution, 4.—'On Insanity,' by Dr. Conolly. |
| — | Linnean, 1.—Annual Meeting. |
| — | Geographical, 1.—Annual Meeting. |
| TUES. | Royal Institution, 3.—'On the Physiology of Plants,' by Dr. Lindley. |
| — | Zoological, 9.—Scientific Business. |
| — | Civil Engineers, 9.—President's Conversation. |
| — | British Meteorological, 7. |
| WED. | Botanical, 8.—'On the History and Practice of Microscopical, 8. |
| — | Royal Institution, 4.—'On Insanity,' by Dr. Conolly. |
| — | Botanical, half-past 3.—Promenade. |
| THURS. | Royal Institution, 3.—'On the History and Practice of Sculpture,' by Mr. R. Westmacott. |
| — | British Literature, 4. |
| — | Society of Antiquaries, 6. |
| — | Numismatic, 7. |
| FRI. | Royal, half-past 8. |
| — | Royal Institution, half-past 6.—'On the Modes of Extracting Gold,' by Dr. Faraday. |
| SAT. | Royal Institution, 2.—'On Points connected with the Non-Metallic Elements,' by Prof. Faraday. |
| — | Medical, 8. |

MICROSCOPIC PHOTOGRAPHS.

Royal Institution, Edinburgh.

As the photographic delineation of microscopic objects appears to be occupying the attention of many at the present moment, I beg to inclose one or two examples in that way, in the hope of obtaining some further information on the subject through the medium of your journal, should you consider them sufficiently noteworthy. The collodion process on glass offers peculiar facilities for working with the microscope; but as the accumulation of the plates is highly inconvenient, it appeared desirable that some method should be devised for the preservation of the picture without the glass. This may be effected by transferring it to a piece of waxed paper, which forms a most excellent substitute. The process is very easy. The picture having been obtained, the film of collodion is floated off the glass under water, and removed to a bath of icaso weak as to be fluid when cold; in this bath the waxed paper having been previously soaked for a few minutes, the arrangement and extension of the pellicle is effected by gently moving it with the fingers, and then carefully raising up both it and the paper together, holding them so as to let the water run from between them. It is necessary to hold both, for the film slips about very easily. Blotting paper will then absorb some of the superfluous water, and the remainder may be forced out by rubbing slightly, but always in one direction. By drying the whole under pressure the picture will be found firmly adherent to the paper. I am far from offering the specimens sent as perfect examples of what may be effected by the aid of the microscope,—but shall be glad to know whether the transfer of the film of collodion from the glass plate to the waxed paper may be considered an improvement, as it would certainly seem to offer some advantages. I may observe with respect to the production of images of transparent objects, that there may be some doubt whether in all cases

the photographic picture is true:—for the light being decomposed in its passage through them, will, of course, affect the faithfulness of the image. I am, &c.

E. W. DALLAS.

* * Mr. Archer has been in the habit of separating the film of collodion from the glass and transferring it to paper; but it appears to us that there are some valuable suggestions in our correspondent's note.

FINE ARTS

ROYAL ACADEMY.

In this Exhibition, the Pre-Raphaelites, as they are called, attract great attention,—and however the minds of beholders may be perplexed, curiosity at least is active. These neologists, or paleontologists, in Art are not losing ground:—their strict observations and minute imitation of Nature seem even to have awakened some of the “older masters” of the Royal Academy to the necessity of paying more attention than they hitherto have to colour and detail. In fact, Raphaelism in Art seems in some respects to be a part and parcel of the spirit of the present age and akin to tractarianism in faith. It is the reaction and an antagonism to the conventional, the sensual and the unbelieving—and has the falsehood and exaggeration common to reactions in general. Its object is, to give new life to dry bones, and to spiritualize the formal and the material. It is the protest of the nineteenth century against the seventeenth and the eighteenth especially. This psychological reaction commenced some fifty years ago in metaphysical Germany; and what Tieck, Schlegel and Plattner thought. Overbeck and Cornelius painted, with others who thought that Art was purer and truer and holier one hour before Raphael was born than one hour after he died. Such is the faith of the Pre-Raphaelites. Art, they say, culminated in him,—after a gradual, healthy, beautiful growth. Its downfall was rapid,—as must be the descent from heights the hardest to be scaled,—its decay was hateful, as must be the corruption of the best. The great men who preceded Raphael were truly animated by a divine spark. They laboured and struggled to embody and give forms to feelings, and utterance to sentiments, which earnestly wellled up within them. They had to contend with imperfect means when striving to attain their ends; and it was only step by step that Art having painfully mastered mechanical and technical difficulties, and casting aside her fetters, found a vehicle worthy to give expression to inner aspiration. Art, from infancy and youth the handmaid of Religion, served truly and humbly, and was sanctified in return. But the leading strings once laid aside, the change was sudden. Already under Leo X. the principles of real faith were sapped. The scoffer, with Pagan beauty, siren form and basilisk colour in his suite, invaded St. Peter's itself;—and desecrated Art, flying from the altar to the gallery, was forced to administer to the lust of the eye,—until, no longer the elevator of the soul, she fell—and great was the fall. Soon, however, instinctively yearning for some worship, she turned from heaven to earth. Then, naturalists succeeded to religionists—and the study of the practical took the place of that of the ideal. Art passed through the Carraccis and the Murillos into depths darker than the dark ages, down to the bathos of Mengs and West.

Europe's worst painter and poor England's best. Then flourished the eclectic conventionalists—the plagiarist picking and stealing school of veneers and mosaic mongers, who reconstructed other men's thoughts, who looked at the creation through the eyes of the created, who bowed down to Raphael as their prophet,—and ended from overconfidence to the master in forgetting and deserting Nature herself. The modern Art Reformation affects to aim at upsetting this idolatry, and leading once more to the earnestness and simplicity of truth. A twig long warped in a wrong direction must before it is again straightened be bent the other way:—and so, this violent effort of the ardent and inexperienced has, in the spirit of opposition, led to extravagance and caricature.

We shall not repeat our former remarks on the

obvious blemishes of these reformers,—nor dwell on their conceits, puerilities, pedantries or finical prettinesses of thought and of treatment, at variance with and beneath true Art. We have pointed out their contempt of aerial and linear perspective and of chiaroscuro. One trick may be substituted for another,—and in the close but misdirected observance and imitation of everything, and in a neglect of selection, the relative value of form and colour may be lost sight of, until the surfeited eye sickens at an atomic analysis which demands the microscope to examine and the leisure of monastic illuminators to execute it. In some measure this is the reaction against ultra-Turnerism; which left too much to the imagination, and only shadowed forth what might and ought to have been better expressed by outline and detail. But this reaction carried to the extreme involves a sacrifice of the end to the means. Assuredly, neither Giotto nor Cimabue, were they now living, would reject the modern discoveries and appliances of science and cling to the ways and means of the painters of missals and of glass windows. These pioneers of Art toiled to clear the way for progress,—and never would have retrograded by restoring the obsolete, reproducing the faulty, or for a moment ignoring the advantages hardly won in so long a battle. Nor have we much ultimate fear of men like Mr. Millais. Mind and talent will manifest themselves whatever the vehicle, and will pierce through and ultimately reject the eccentric and the fantastic; and already we see, to some extent, the bursting of his self-imposed bonds. The danger to be apprehended is, that the disciples of this modern antique school will out-Herod their teacher, and imitate blemished rather than excellencies,—restoring the form without revivifying the spirit,—regathering the rubrical symbolic husks without the kernel. They will labour in vain,—for the incredulity, scepticism and science of the nineteenth century are not to be contented with the pictorial pap and panada that satisfied the simple faith and ignorance of mankind's medieval infancy.

Mr. Millais—the Raphael of our Pre-Raphaelites, and whose powers of thought, execution and industry are undeniable—contributes three pictures. *Ophelia* (No. 556) has been the subject of much discussion and difference of opinion, condemnation and admiration. The moment chosen is, that of the drowning of the ill-fated maiden, as told in ‘Hamlet.’ The willow branch on which she has clambered has broken; and she floats awhile on the “glassy stream”—rendered, however, too much like a still pond,—borne up by her clothes, and chanting snatches, until she is pulled down by her “garments, heavy with their drink.” On looking closely into the painting, the finish is marvellous. The pollard trunk, the velvety green rind of the “envious aliver,” the moss and flowers and vegetable details, are positively mirrored as in a glass. The water-lily is the botanical study of a Linnaeus:—every incident and accident is depicted. Some of the leaves are green and vigorous, others are spotted, corroded and broken:—no form or phase is unobserved or omitted. Ophelia sinks so composedly and gradually, that the idea of one of Dr. Arnott's comfortable water-beds is suggested. Gorgeous as is her fantastic dress and gay the blue and red flowers of her “weedy trophies,” the flesh tints of her face and hands entirely hold their own. The expression aimed at is, that of an incapability of estimating “her own distress.” The open mouth is somewhat gaping and gabyish,—the expression is in no way suggestive of her past tale. There is no pathos, no melancholy, no one brightening up, no last lucid interval. If she die swan-like with a song, there is no sound or melody, no poetry in this strain. Rightly to appreciate the general chromatic effect, this picture should be looked at from a little distance,—when it becomes quite luminous.

No. 156, a small portrait of *Mrs. Patmore*, is a painted daguerreotype. The nose of the full face actually projects,—the red ribbon and flowers are finished off with a miniature nicely; yet the solidity and substance of the flesh will stand comparison with the real living faces of the fair gazers who shame so many of the chalky milk-and-water

—London milk-and-water—inanities and unrealities suspended around, as if to point out the differences between dear nature and such libels.

Mr. Millais's best work is, No. 473. A Huguenot refuses to permit his Catholic mistress to bind round his arm her handkerchief as a white badge by which he might escape the massacre on St. Bartholomew's Day. The lovers meet under an ivy-mantled mossy red brick wall; and minute delineation cannot be carried further than in this wall. The weather stains and infinite variety of tints convey the impression of reality itself. Nothing is left to the imagination. Equal attention has been lavished on the nasturtium and red flowers in the foreground:—for, to particularize details instead of aiming at general effects is one end which these worshippers of truth hold too sacred to be compromised. If this principle is to be logically carried out, critics have a right to inquire how these nasturtiums bloom and flower so tenderly on the 24th of August, and whether jonquils and dog-roses blossom simultaneously. To pass, however, from the almanack to Art.—The lovers are locked in a close embrace,—and, for want of atmospheric perspective, seem somewhat jammed into the wall. Some additional awkwardness arises in the attitude of the lover from only one of his legs being shown,—and that one not of the most elegant shape. A full daylight falls on the wan face which is turned to his with a touching expression of mingled beseeching, imploring, saddened, and terrified tenderness. Her pure perfect love is for him and for his soul, for this world and for the next. He looks wistfully down on her,—fully conscious of the sacrifice he is about to make in this struggle between love and creed; and while he draws her nearer to his heart with one hand, with the other—truer to his Calvinism—he firmly unlooses the scarf which she fondly tries to fasten. Her pale countenance is heightened by her sable costume, and the pathos is increased by the rich fantastic purple of the once gay lover. The depth of colour and luminous glow will be best felt by the killing effect which this picture produces on some of its unfortunate neighbours. It would be curious to see this power tested by a juxtaposition with *The Destruction of Sodom* (1833), by Mr. Martin. This is one of that artist's usual pictorial pyrotechnics. The grand display of fireworks takes place under a crimson stalactitical arch-work of most explosive and Dom-daniel character. These Biblical subjects are popular,—as in the case of those by West. Taken from the book with which the many are most familiar, the subject rather than the art attracts. Mr. Martin, whose conception is colossal and grandiose, is monotonous in colouring. His lurid flames rather ascend from below than descend from above. The dark lines of square towers are opposed with no great art to the fiery chasm of the crater centre. The white figures of Lot and his daughters are too cold under circumstances where the refraction must have been most warm. There is some good granulation and texture painting in the rocks to the right,—which, however, are coloured too much like the plumage of woodcocks. —Mr. Hunt follows closely on Mr. Millais with *The Hiring Shepherd* (592). The neglected sheep “lie in the corn,” while the stout peasant idles with a buxom lass. Mr. Hunt who has “an oath in heaven” to tell “the whole truth and nothing but the truth,” carries anti-electicism to the absurd. Like Swift, he revels in the repulsive. These rustics are of the coarsest breed,—ill favoured, ill fed, ill washed. Not to dwell on cutaneous and other minutiae,—they are literal transcripts of stout, sunburnt, out-of-door labourers. Their faces, bursting with a plethora of health, and a tripe too flushed and rubicund, suggest their overattention to the beer or cyder keg on the boor's back. The youth holds a death's-head moth up to his sweetheart, and presses on while she draws back half scared, half amused. The faces and arms are stippled in with miniature care, and tinted as if both had fed on madder or been busy with raspberries, and would be none the worse for a course of brimstone. Downright literal truth is followed out in every accessory; each sedge, moss, and weed—each sheep—each tree, pollard or pruned—each crop, beans or corn—is faithfully imitated.

[MAY 22, '52]

Summer heat pervades the atmosphere,—the grain is ripe,—the swifts skim about,—and the purple clouds cast purple shadows. The woman cools her red-hot feet near some scanty water, which is cold, chalky, and white. The rump and rubicundity of this pair contrast with the pallor and pathos of Mr. Millais's picture.

Mr. Hunt's "Love in Idleness" may be compared with *Love and Labour* (263), by Mr. Redgrave. This is a charming bit of rural incident,—redolent of sweet upland grass. A row of mowers—some what too much in a row—are cresting a hill slope, and keeping a workmanlike time with step and scythe right pleasing to farmer's eye. Their heads, however, are varied. Behind rises a gentle hill on which chequered gleams and shadows play charmingly about. The soft turf, as well as the waving grass, is nicely marked with varied, short, silken tints. The blue sea opens beyond a clump of trees, admirably massed and toned with rich, deep blues that serve as a background for the two principal figures,—a rustic lad and lass, who make love while the labourers mow—say to speak by the card. The female is pulling a flower to pieces while her swain looks on and winks. His bare legs can scarcely be considered appropriate, or fitted for field work where snakes and thistles do abound,—her attitude is awkward, and her poorly coloured draperies are cast in mean and common-place folds. The accessories in the foreground—the kegs, bottles, baskets, and so forth—are excellently made out and painted. The general effect of the landscape is delicious.

Some of the disciples of Mr. Millais already evince a tendency to exaggerate his mannerisms. Thus, Mr. Collins shows us *May in the Regent's Park* (55) from a window in Sussex Place; and so minute is the scale—the very "form and pressure" of the flowers, red, white and blue, and of the shrubs—that we could creep about and through them. The botanical predominates altogether over the artistic,—and to a vicious and mistaken extreme. In nature there is air as well as earth,—she masses and generalizes where these fac-simile makers split hairs and particularize. They take a branch, a flower, a blade of grass, place it close before them and as closely copy it,—forgetting that these objects, at the distance imagined in the picture, and reduced to its scale, could by no means be seen with such *hortus siccus* minuteness. In No. 347 Mr. Collins gives us a young girl who—we are to imagine—preserves her "chrysom" purity by wearing a sort of white, flannelly nun-robe; but her cherry-ripe lip and plump cheek are hardly in keeping with the sentiment of the downcast eye and ascetic costume. No. 1091 is taken from the legend of *St. Elizabeth of Hungary*. This maiden of precocious piety was wont, when she found the chapel door shut, to kneel at its outside. The representations of texture are perfect; the strong wall is as true as is the oak graining of the door. The hinges are most mediæval and Puginesque,—the costume of blue and green shot silk is Byzantine. The hands and face of the maiden adhere nicely to the flat surface,—but the expression is rather pouting than devout, and the countenance is more pinky and school-girlish than saint-like.

Mr. W. H. Millais in No. 1120 carries his minute imitations into the farm yard,—and depicts with much care and patience red brick walls and buildings, brown trees, pigs, poultry, and straw litter.—Mr. W. C. Thomas in No. 448 restores Laura to Avignon as it was in her lifetime. The sage Sennuccio, orientally attired, touches his white "wide-awake" to a pale and plain lady, and reproves a mediævally clad coxcomb who looks upon the pious maiden somewhat irreverently, and as a modern dandy might at a fair Bennettite Belgravian:—a beggar woman and a boy on a pine-apple-laden donkey approve of the sage Sennuccio. The pavement reminds us of apple dumplings. The composition is well studied,—although the general tones are flat and tame. Here, as is common in the case of these ultra Pre-Raphaelites, the mediæval missal recurs to the spectator.—No. 463, by Mr. F. M. Brown, is more ambitious:—*The Saviour washes Peter's Feet*. This artist appears to have studied at Valencia, where mulberries are plentiful as blackberries. He has closely observed the

works of Joannes, where the purple tone is so predominant. In this picture it pervades everything—the hair, the naked limbs of the Saviour, and the dress of St. Peter,—who either feels himself unworthy of the honour done him by his divine Master, or by his feet's action makes us feel the water to be too hot. Certainly the copper utensil which contains it seems filled with either blood or raspberries undergoing the jam process. The Apostles in general, seated at a table, take no interest in the lavation,—appearing rather bored:—so much has the artist rejected the conventional attitudes usual on this occasion. St. John must be cited as an exception: he leans over with affection and attention. To these crimson tints, No. 455, a portrait of *Captain W. Cook*, by Mr. A. Craig, and No. 473, a portrait of *Thomas Cooke, Esq.* by Mr. Patten, are certainly two solid sable supporters:—but too many "cooks" sometimes spoil the best compositions.

In the portrait department, Mr. Knight maintains his reputation in six pictures, marked with his decided expression of individuality and power of representing costume and texture. An over-tendency to purple tones in his flesh may be noticed. The portrait of *Mr. Thomas Vaughan*, "during half a century a faithful servant of the Royal Academy" (116), is very forcible, and keeps its own while surrounded by real life. Intelligence still beams in the bright eye, while coming senility hangs on the lip. The hands and the various veins are carefully studied. In *The Bishop of Exeter* (130), we miss the keen searching spirit of the eye, and the peculiar complexion of the countenance. The prelate—pale and temperate in reality—appears to belong to the order of abbots "purple as their wines." The blushing genial tints, the fruit of feasts not fasts, seem more appropriately bestowed on *The Lord Mayor, Sir John Musgrave* (170). His worship's costume is admirable, and the gold embroidery is effective without being too much bedizened or made out. The countenance is radiant and full of placidity and good nature. In No. 183 we recognize the same master touch. The likeness must be perfect. The head is placed too high on the canvas, and the stick—we conclude a portrait—was no doubt forced on the artist.—*A Student* (578) is the portrait of a bright-eyed ingenuous youth; and it is not possible to paint the texture of velvet with greater force or truth than in this picture.

Mr. Boxall continues to advance in public estimation. He contributes here seven portraits. His orthodox principle of condensing the interest on a fine head leads him rather to neglect draperies and accessories. No. 21, *Mrs. Seymour Haden*—a lady pondering on her music—is thoughtfully and tenderly painted. In *The Hon. Mrs. Watson* (79) the gorgeous crimson velvet is quite Venetian. Here, as the head is not remarkable, the costume is more studied,—richly and solidly coloured. The portrait of *J. D. Coleridge, Esq.* (129) is perhaps Mr. Boxall's best work. The bald-headed young man, with an expression of benevolence rather than of intellect, is pourtrayed with undoubted individuality:—possibly the length of neck and depression of shoulders, which seem exaggerated, may be peculiar to the original. The head of *The Rev. J. C. Herries* (399) is crushed by the hands and buff waistcoat,—which are so opposed to the usual principle of the artist that we conclude they must also be portraits.

Among the painters of history, Mr. Ward is here the observed of all observers. He sends but one picture, *Charlotte Corday going to Execution* (316). In this incident—professedly historically treated—the portrait of the heroine is, we understand, not authentic. Clad in a crimson, somewhat sack-like dress, the garb and colour of a murderer, she quits her cell for the scaffold. This Judith, who had freed the world from the miscreant Marat, advances with erect step and serious but collected countenance,—fully conscious of her doom, and prepared to meet it. On the whole, as the immediate centre of action and interest, this figure must, we think, be considered a failure. She descends into an outer cell, where Robespierre, Danton and Desmoulin are assembled to gaze on the features and speculate on the expression of one whose "fan-

ticism" might have doomed them also to death. Her air of quiet resignation contrasts with that of a red-capped Dame de la Halle,—one of those furies of the Revolution whose children devoured sisters and mothers. The action of this virago is masculine, without any great meaning. Robespierre, dressed as a silken dandy, with his bouquet, presents a mixture of the *petit maître* and the *tigre singe*. He holds in a huge mastiff. More humanity beams in the eye of the brute than in those of any of the bipeds, a good old *curl's* excepted. Near this muscadin of the guillotine is seated Danton,—the personification in mind, body and dress of a coarse, bloated, top-booted ruffian. An open archway discloses the scaffold and the infuriated hordes of mob spectators. This portion is feebly painted and wants air:—otherwise, the subject is, for the most part, handled with great force of design and fierce intensity of colour. The details—the masonry, the tiles, the rusted iron bars, the sentinels and the cat—are conscientiously studied and wrought out. The general character of subject and treatment is very French. There is blood on the hand, and a tricolor terrorism that grieves the eye with glare and executive hardness. There is no gradation, no tenderness, no mercy in the tones. The specialities of the guillotine have been enforced and insisted on. The picture attracts, in addition to its truth and power, by exciting a curiosity akin to the morbid feeling which hurries multitudes to witness a real execution. For our own part, we take no pleasure in beholding a woman led to premature death while furies and ruffians live.

Mr. Maclise sends but one picture,—*Alfred the Saxon King disguised as a Minstrel in the Tent of Guthrum the Dane* (122). A yellowish tent, decorated with warlike implements, is hung up to branches of oaks, flowering red and white May, and long-leaved chestnuts. In the foreground are grouped chain-mailed warriors lying down "at ease." Some are gambling with dice,—winners, losers, and indifferent; others are drinking deeply—in all the different stages of inebriety, from the friendly convivial to the dead drunk. Alfred, in palmer guise, scowls on them, and strikes his harp, to which the crowned king listens. The monarch reclines, with his court, on a gorgeous couch, cribbed, cabin'd and confined in a punt-like tent too small for so great a company. In fact, the soldiers in the foreground are the real heroes and masters of the melo-dramatic scene,—otherwise they never could be permitted to misbehave in every way under the very eye of their commander. We feel that the whole performance is a sham. There is no breath of life—no vitality—no reality in these forms—which in colour and hardness might be lay figures dead and dressed, or wooden toys from Nuremberg. We cannot sympathize with these Gog-Magog beings, who have nothing in common with our humanity, and may be the denizens of Mars or of some other planet. Such is the outline of this fricassee of limbs,—this gorgeous kaleidoscope of colour, action and attitude, and all in the superlative degree. Indeed, few things seem too large for Mr. Maclise's conception, none too minute for his detail. He is too rich,—and we surfeit. Our pictorial athlete has the power of a giant without his forbearance. Full of energy and in the highest condition, his blows are misdirected and his strength wasted. The only power that he wants is, that of selection. His genus are cast profusely about, as it were, unstrung,—and we know not which to pick up first, or where to begin. In vain we look for some key-note—some emphatic principal interest—in the scattered dislocated variety. There is no repose, no concentration:—all is glitter, melodramatic, excessive, and Thrasional. The facility and exuberance are incontestable,—the imitation of still life is wonderful,—the nicety of detail and execution—the flowers, mosses, weeds, armour—the heraldic tricking and infinite accessories—might make a Pre-Raphaelite despair. How much talent is here frittered away and labour wasted, to the positive injury of the main interest of the subject! We know few artists to whom the easy summer trips to Madrid would be more beneficial than to Mr. Maclise. At the first glance at Velasquez, there

only to be seen, he would learn the art of allowing the imagination of the spectator to come into play. Woe to the author who says all he can say, leaving nothing in the inkstand!—and woe to the painter who leaves nothing on his palette!—Some of these remarks are applicable to No. 171, by Mr. Cope, *The Marquis of Saluce marries Griselda*. Here the court comes to the cottage,—which it somewhat overwhelms. The aged father of the fair rustic sits under his shed. His mean air and expression—an aggregate of the bedesman, the miser, and the pauper—contrast with those of his maiden daughter,—one of those peasants who, bred and born in a hovel, coarsely fed and housed, and hardly worked, yet always—in operas and fairy tales—surpass in delicacy of form, fair hands and feet, as in purity of soul, the real princess reared in the hothouse atmosphere of luxury and refinement. The bare-footed beauty looks down on her princely bridegroom,—who seems to look at nothing. How soon, the caprice passed, will he tire of one with whom he can have nothing in common! Behind him his gay court follows in procession:—smirking pages with presents (shoes and stockings, we trust)—maids of honour and equeuries,—lords and ladies of the bed-chamber,—court fools and masters of hawks. Of the fine folk, some are inclined to be civil, some to be envious and satirical. All are better provided in beauty and in dress than in intellect. Meantime, the real villagers—loutish, boorish, ill favoured, weather and poverty-stained—stare with gaping wonder at this “great fact,”—as well they may. In this, as in the preceding picture, there is too much glossy glare and glitter, too much crowd without concentration, too much ado about nothing,—but there is far less power of thought or design. It especially wants air. The attitudes are laboured,—the faces and flesh unreal, conventional,—and life-lacking, a family nose and nostrils belong to all,—the draperies are cramped and wanting in breadth. The minor accessories—the poultry, dog, pitcher, rafters, and so forth—are excellently studied and treated. The general result is, a failure. The straining is evident,—and Mr. Cope has yet to learn that one grand point in Art is, the art to conceal it.

AMATEUR ARTISTS' EXHIBITION.

It has ere now occurred to many of our readers that the word “amateur,” so long serving as a mere cloak of shelter for the feeble productions of vanity more desirous of praise than of honest labour—shows signs of changing its signification as far as some of the Fine Arts are concerned. Strange tales, no doubt, might still be told of failures made by gentlemen who will build their own houses; but in other arts amateur “development” proceeds triumphantly. In Drama, *dilettanti* are now-a-days nearly as much talked about as the regular practitioners,—in Music, we have gentlemen and ladies not merely aspiring to the glories of personal exhibition, but willing to grapple with science in order that they may come to a due expression of their thoughts,—while, to come to our point, Pall Mall East affords satisfactory evidence that in painting and in drawing the travelling and domestic sons and daughters of England have made a great advance beyond frivolous pretence towards honest, praiseworthy reality.

As including “sketches” besides finished works, this Exhibition claims no very extended notice,—since the former portion of its contents should hardly be brought to trial by strict critical standard. Among the complete drawings, however, are some which could abide the competition of any academical or professional neighbourhood. Miss Blake's landscape, *Near the Fort de Bard, Valley of Aosta* (No. 38), is a water-colour drawing of the first class,—to be praised for finish without timidity—effect without trick—colour without tawdriness—air where air should be, without earth suffering by that over-suffusion which is so apt to tempt those skilled in atmospheric effects. The composition, again, is managed with the truly refined artlessness of Art. The same lady's *Convent of Amalfi* (142) is even a finer drawing, because more courageous in its dealings with southern colour. Miss Blake is not without a powerful rival in Mrs. Bridgeman Simpson;—whose *Naples* (18), *Tivoli*

(32), *Temple of Juno Girgenti* (223), and, still more, her elaborate and spirited drawing of *Gibraltar* (198) exhibit ambition borne out by executive power in no ordinary measure. This Lady's drawings exhibit that happy decision, capable of producing great effects by small means, which nothing but diligent practice directed by the justest taste can ensure. A triad of lady landscape artists is completed by Mrs. Davidson; whose *La Cava* (48) must also be specified as among the principal ornaments of the Exhibition, whether as regards composition, tone, or touch.—The Hon. Mrs. Carew St. John Mildmay affects a freer style than the three ladies mentioned. Among other clever things exhibited by her, *The Study of Fir Trees in Danbury Park* (211) may be pointed out as full of character. Here, too, are some of Mrs. Higford Burr's gorgeously coloured and delicately pencilled interiors. Her *Saracen Room* (205) is of its kind an excellent drawing. Nor do the female exhibitors confine themselves to offering only a literal version of that which they have seen in landscape and in architecture. They can dream dreams, too, as poetically as “their masters”—as may be seen in *Last Rays* (181), a sketch in oil, by Lady Lees. In this composition (for such it seems to be) there is a touch of Rembrandt's poetry without anything like servile appropriation.

Some delicate and truthful drawings are exhibited by Mr. G. S. Nicholson,—who is not afraid to deal with the mystery and magic of the sublime Alpine scenery under its most solemn aspects. We do not recollect a better evening piece of its kind than this gentleman's *Dent du Midi* (129),—where “the greeting of day and night” (as some poet has phrased it) is commemorated with as much truth as courage. Mr. Nicholson's veracity among objects the splendour of which habitually tempts the memorialist to exaggeration, is as charming as it is rare. Truer in his proportions has been no sketcher of mountain scenery. Though Mr. Nicholson's drawings may be said to be tinted, in place of being plastered with body colour, according to modern meretricious fashion, they are not, with all their delicacy, flimsy or super-transparent—nor feeble, where refinement alone was aimed at,—and we dwell on them with none the less pleasure because they have been obviously produced without the slightest reference to the exhibition-room.—*The Heidelberg* (152) by Col. Eden and the *View in Richmond Park* (222) must be also specified as praiseworthy in their respective styles.

Though we have dealt first with the landscapes, because in this department, as might have been expected, the Exhibition is the richest,—the amateurs are neither poor nor mean as regards those more difficult things, figure pieces, sketches of heads, &c.—Wisely eschewing attempts at great historical composition, there is still no want of aspiration to be complained of:—and be it noted, that some of the most redoubtable among our designers (to name Lady Waterford as only one) do not exhibit. The life-size head of *Miss Hume, of Humewood* (31), by Mr. Munro, is as good a drawing of its kind as we are often gratified with. The portrait-sketches of Miss Houlton, though slight, are full of character,—here and there open to improvement in the point of drawing. Great praise is due to the peasant figure of *Miss Emma Seymour*. *Alessandro—Roman Model* (171) is a picturesquely study, cleverly rendered by Capt. Herbert Wilson. Nor must Miss Sophia Ashton Yates be overlooked. Her fancy is as active as her observation is keen and her expressive power well developed. The best specimen, perhaps, exhibited by her, is *Sir Henry Lee restored to Woodstock* (13).

There are here fewer subjects of “still life,” &c. than might have been expected in an Amateur Exhibition. One of the few contributions of this class, however, is so remarkable, as to demand separate praise.—*A Bank of Wild Flowers* (172), by Miss Lucette E. Barker, has as much force and character (not excluding finish) as could be thrown into a work of its class, together with great poetry of treatment. In itself the subject is not an easy one,—since, even supposing them miraculously congregated to form a *Titania's* bed or bower, wild flowers are notoriously difficult to group,

from the want of those masses of bloom which gardens disclose. There was great temptation, then, to falsify,—to over-gild the cowslip, to rouge a very little the wild lychis,—and to flatter the deep purple of the plant which makes the foreground shadow. These offences have been avoided: yet by a judicious management of colour and composition an effect of richness, intricacy, and yet simplicity has been ensured, hardly to have been fancied possible. So much spirit and variety, in short, are here, that a true lover of Nature will regard this drawing with as much pleasure as one of those close wood-scenes where the interest is confined among boughs and foliage. Another drawing by this lady, *Dead Wood Pigeon and Roses* (247), though less pre-eminent, is still too excellent in point of both taste and handwork to be overlooked.

If our notes here close, it is not because we have come to an end of what is noticeable in this Amateur Exhibition. Generally it is satisfactory, even in the failures which it includes, as showing that our Amateurs are occupied more with truth and beauty for their own sakes than in reproducing this well-known Artist's effect or following the other popular painter in a given selection of objects. As many as sixty-two new exhibitors strengthen and lengthen the list of those who adventure for the first time last season: and the Managers are right, we doubt not, in believing the worst of their difficulties over, and in anticipating further important accessions for future seasons. On the whole, promise and satisfaction of the best kind are to be found in this show: which—without degrading it by the style of silly drawing-room rapture, or proclaiming it in any branch of Art perfect—deserves the cordial sympathy and hopeful approval of the artist and of the lover of art.

NATIONAL INSTITUTION OF FINE ARTS.

THE finest contribution which Mr. J. W. Glass has made to this Exhibition is, a subject called *Free Companions* (No. 255),—where a long file of roistering men-at-arms are seen riding over a heath at sunrise, near the sea-shore. Their features wear an air of reckless gaiety and daring, their attitudes are easy and unconstrained, and the freedom of the wild life they have chosen is apparent in every gesture. The composition of this picture is excellent, the drawing firm, and the colouring rich and bright. Mr. Glass—like Mr. Frederick Taylor—knows the secret of imparting motion to his figures. In *A Merry Spin* (286), two cavaliers and a lady are galloping over a broad hill, and the impression conveyed by the appearance of the group is that they will speedily be on the other side. *Intrigue, an unwilling Agent* (300) is a quieter subject, with more sentiment. A young girl, habited as a page, holds a sealed letter in her hand, destined apparently for a rival:—it is, in fact, the story of Viola in the disguise of Cesario. The sadness and submission of the lady page are very truthfully expressed, and her face is one of great beauty. *Don Quixote and Sancho Panza accompanying the Duke and Duchess to their Castle* (172) is another of Mr. Glass's most successful pictures. The story is well told, and the characters of the several actors in the scene are carefully preserved. In the figure of the Duchess something of stiffness might have been abated with advantage; but there is a pretty demureness on her countenance which is very pleasing, and makes a good contrast with the honest, frank vulgarity of Dapple's master. *A Student—“Deeply read”* (41) would have possessed more attraction had not the attempt been made to convey a pun through the medium of colour:—the girl is reading so intently that it needed not the red in the picture to illustrate the painter's meaning. *Sad Thoughts* (90), representing a lady on a palfrey, riding alone, suggests the idea, from the motion of the animal, that her thoughts must be somewhat disturbed by the pace. There is a nice sentiment in it, notwithstanding.

Smugglers (262), by Mr. H. P. Parker, consists of a boldly drawn and well-coloured group, comprising numerous figures. The party are carousing and otherwise enjoying themselves in one of their leafy haunts, after an evidently successful venture.

Mirth and jollity and freedom from all care are well depicted on their countenances, and the abandon of the whole scene is in excellent keeping with the subject. *The Fisherman's Treasures* (26), his wife and children, form a natural and pleasing picture, very nicely coloured. *Pilots on the Look-out* (110), already well known to the public by the engraving, is another favourable specimen of Mr. Parker's knowledge of the ways and habits of seafaring men. On *Scripture Consolation* (118) we have no praise to bestow:—an affection of simplicity having here usurped the place of nature.

Mr. J. Zephaniah Bell has aimed at a different mark in endeavouring to produce, in three *tableaux*, the story of *Ellen of Kinconnel* (24). We cannot regard the subject as well chosen which does not at once present us with a whole. To lead to and from the main incident necessarily weakens the general effect,—or if this be sustained, it is at the expense of the accessories which then become needless. A picture is not like the ancient Greek drama, that stands in need of a Chorus to explain the intermediate action; unity should, above all things, be the prevailing thought,—and if this cannot be expressed in painting the story had better be left untold. The desire to say too much is as fatal to imitative art as the inability to say enough; the result is the same in both cases. Apart from this objection, Mr. Bell has not treated his subject badly. The composition of the central *tableau* is good, the expression natural, and the drawing correct. We are not so well pleased with the colouring, which strikes us as too deep in tone.

Expectation (36), by Mr. Bell Smith, is a pretty group of two girls—one a child, the other “on the eve of womanhood,”—and is painted with grace and feeling. The elder girl is waiting for her lover; her little companion, wanting assistance to cross a stile, expresses by an arch smile her consciousness of the cause of her being neglected. The expectant look of the maiden is well rendered, and the colouring is harmonious and pure.—Mr. Bell Smith's *Pastoral* (185) is also a pleasing subject, nicely treated.

Gossip (49), by Mr. M. Wood, is a little tea-table scandal between two well-dressed ladies of a century ago, and is to be commended for its ease and nature.—*An Irish Peasant* (102) has a pretty face, but the expression is conventional, and there is redundancy of colour.

Mr. C. Lidderdale has one small but very good picture, *A Chelsea Pensioner* (13). The old man is sitting at a window, through which the light falls on a paper that he is reading. The colouring and expression are both good.—Mr. J. Inskip is equally chary of his labour,—the head of *A Young Villager* (51) being his only offering. It shows us a pretty face peeping out of a hood, with only one eye visible:—were this young villager in actual life, we should certainly desire to see the other.—*The First Sitting* (53), by Mr. R. Sayers, is clever. A boy is holding a Skye terrier, to be painted by his sister, a young lady whose knowledge of art is not advanced very far beyond the rudiments. The idea is good and well expressed, but the colouring is defective.—*Gurth the Swineherd* (75), by Mr. E. Armitage, tells only so much of the story of the son of Beowulf as relates to his sylvan occupation; but it may be accepted as a very good study of swine among the beech-mast.—Mr. F. Underhill's Welch peasantry do him credit. *A Mountain Spring* (66) is boldly drawn and nicely coloured;—*Mountaineers* (86), a good composition and rich in tone, is a fit pendant to the first;—and *Welch Market People* (171) coming down from the mountains, is a very truthful and agreeable picture.—Mr. G. Wells has a *Presentation of Bouquets, &c.* (197). The title is too long to quote,—nor should we mention the subject but for the sake of the tea-tray manufacturers.—To their care we commend also *The Wreath* (178) of Mr. Collinson.—There is merit in the *Saint Cecilia* (264) of Mr. J. T. Houlton, though the expression wants elevation. It is very carefully painted, but resembles rather a young German Fräulein sentimentally listening to one of the *Lieder* of her native land than the rapt and inspired Cecilia.—For *The Guerilla Chief* (267) of Mr. H. B. Willis we cannot say much; the marble statue of the Commander of Seville

would move as swiftly as this heavy-limbed, wooden-legged mountaineer. In the *Pleasant Time of Harvest* (302) this burliness is more in keeping, and the subject is very fairly treated, reminding us not a little of Goodall. Mr. Willis's *Mirth at Milking Time* (98) is even a better specimen of his art. There is a good deal of quiet humorous expression in the merry lad who is glancing towards his female companion.—Mr. A. Bowen should have paused before he sent to the Exhibition the feeble production which bears the title of *Job* (251). Had the man of Uz seen it he would not have reckoned it among the least of his plagues.—Mr. J. Surtees has two or three pretty subjects. *Gipsy Pastime* (96), where a girl of the tribe is lying on the ground outside her tent, practising her *métier* with the cards, is cleverly treated, clearly coloured, and correctly drawn. *Friendly Gossip* (122) is natural in expression, and suggests the idea that the gossip may lead to something more than a friendly demonstration. Mr. Surtees has a feeling for quiet humour which may one day serve him well.

We pass on to the Portraits in this Exhibition, which are far less numerous in proportion than we find them elsewhere. *The Right Rev. Dr. Ullathorne* (88), by Mr. R. Burchett, is the clever face of a clever man, and the leading characteristics of the original are strongly marked.—*The Marchioness de Lousada* (1), by Mr. J. Harris, very prominently placed, is hard in style and cold in colour,—and the plumage of the peacock, which should have given warmth to the picture, is deficient in brilliancy and dull in tone. *The Portrait of Erasmus Wilson, Esq.* (5), by Mr. G. Wells, is a pleasing likeness of the well-known surgeon. The delicacy which marks Mr. Wells's treatment of this head is not, however, so apparent in *One of the Reformers* (30), which, though natural, is rather a vulgar illustration of a vulgar theme—Bloomerism. Mr. J. D. Wingfield's *My Son Hubert* is clever, and marked with character. Besides the more ambitious works which we have mentioned, Mr. J. Z. Bell has several portraits. That of *A Lady* (128) is his best,—though merit is not wanting in *Rosalind* (111); yet, if there had been more finish about the last it would have pleased us, and we should imagine the original, better. “*Annie Laurie*” (52), by the same artist, may or may not be a portrait; but if it be, Mr. Bell has painted the lady with a full recollection of Titian's *Mistress*,—and if not, he has certainly failed to convey the resemblance set down for his guidance in the words of the song which he has quoted. There is a good likeness, by Madame Dangars, of *Monsieur Berryer, the celebrated French Orator* (189),—but this lady's forte is better displayed in the water-colour room. No. 112—possibly a portrait—has a good expression in it, but is decidedly too thin in tone. There is no defect of this kind to be found in Mr. Bell Smith's *Portrait of a Gentleman, late of the Coldstream Guards* (244). It is broadly handled, and firmly coloured, and the expression is natural and true. Mr. Smith has been equally successful in treating the *Portrait of a General Officer* (184).

In the department of landscape painting, the Williams family—under whatever names they appear in the Catalogue—have the first claim to our attention; not from the number of pictures which they exhibit, and which amount altogether to thirty-eight, but from the intrinsic merit of their works. We cannot enumerate all that we have examined, though none are unworthy of notice,—but must confine ourselves to the task of specifying a few of the most striking. We will give the *pas* to Mr. E. Williams, sen. as the patriarch of this artistic race. Of the seven subjects which he has contributed, *At Warham—Watering Cattle* (97), *On the Coast—Isle of Wight* (203), and *Carnarvon Castle—Moon rising* (62) established themselves at once as favourites, by the nature and repose which are their characteristics. The last-named picture is a very fine production, and is treated with breadth and feeling.—Mr. G. A. Williams is the most prolific of the family; his contributions amounting to thirteen, all of them marked by some peculiar beauty. *Early Morning on the Thames* (21) is soft, clear, and natural,—*The Morning Walk* (55) pretty and delicate,—the series, *Morn-*

ing (113), *Noon* (114), and *Night* (115) have their several attributes well distinguished. The mid-day scene, with the wedding party issuing from the village church beneath the shade of the lofty trees which throw a delicious coolness around, is perhaps the most attractive. *Evening on the Common* (165) is remarkable for its bright effect; and *Winter* (141), and *Summer* (142) are pendants, whose relative truthfulness should keep them together in some collection. *The Old Boat House at Ventnor, Isle of Wight—Autumnal Evening* (176), by Mr. E. C. Williams, is an extremely clever work. The effect of light on the cliffs is very fine, the sea is transparent and full of motion, and the keeping is excellent. *On Wimbledon Common* (40), by the same artist, is a good bit of rich colour, clear in tone and broadly handled. *An Osier Bed on the Thames* (39), by Mr. Sidney R. Percy, is a very striking work, affording evidence of the closest observation of nature aided by great power of execution:—the trees are well massed, the water is limpid, the sky pure, the distance finely toned, and the details are full of reality. Such a picture as this arrests the spectator at once, and well rewards the pains which he bestows on its examination.—Mr. S. N. Percy's *Eagle's Nest—Killarney* (101), and *Llyn Myborth, Capel Curig, North Wales* (149) are fine examples of a different style, in which the grandeur of the subject is well sustained by vigorous drawing and bold effective colouring.—*The Pass of Nant Francon, North Wales—the Sun's last Gleam on Glyder* (69), by Mr. Alfred W. Williams, is a work of high order, with its broad masses of rock, its fine dark foreground, the red light that falls on the cleft of the distant mountain, and the air of gloom shed over the whole scene. In a *Welsh Stream—Shower passing off* (89) Mr. A. W. Williams has produced a fine bright effect and his *Sunny Bank—Mid-day* (170) possesses great warmth and repose. But his largest and most striking work is *Moel Shabod—North Wales* (240) where, with a bold hand and a pencil steeped in the richest colours, he has evinced his mastery over some of the greatest difficulties of his art. Nothing can be finer than the massive, rocky foreground, the deep water of the pool of Llygwy, and the misty light in which the distant mountains are enveloped. Let us not forget to mention another member of this family, Mr. A. Gilbert, whose happy management of light is well shown in *A Sunny Morning—a Backwater on the Thames above Henley* (158), and in *A Mid-day Sun—clearing Timber* (92).

Mr. F. W. Hulme has a great many fine landscapes:—the finest, to our thinking, being *Tranquillity—Scene in North Wales* (234). It is painted with great truth and feeling, and the treatment of the water is very masterly; the stones that shine through the shallows are wonderfully well done. *The Strid, Wharfedale, Yorkshire* (177) is very sharp and bold; and *Barden Tower, on the Wharfe* (25) is painted with great breadth and effect. We might bestow similar commendation on all Mr. Hulme's productions,—which would claim distinction wherever they might be exhibited.

Mr. A. M'Callum has an allegorical landscape, in five compartments, which we think would have been all the better without the allegory. It is a headstrong creature to deal with, as Mrs. Malaprop has assured us; and though the course of a river may be suggestive of the current of life, it is straining the subject rather too closely to adapt every phase of its career to a moral development. Mr. M'Callum calls his picture *The Life of a River—Welch* (219). The stream is the Idoral, and he traces it from its parent lake to its entrance into the sea,—and not unskillfully as regards the manner in which he has painted its various aspects. But the effect of his treatment is lost in the multitude of legends which surround the picture beseeching your attention, as it were, to the painter's homilies on the frame. Mr. M'Callum has some smaller subjects in which his manner is distinctly to be recognized, and not always to his advantage:—for instance, *The Valley of Nant Francon, from the Pass* (268). It is in many parts smeared and indistinct.

Mr. D. Linn's *Head of the Ogwen Falls* (6) is boldly drawn,—but, for the quality of the water, does not bear a close inspection. *The Nant Fran-*

con., North Wales (143), is singular in treatment, but has a clever effect of light. *The Leder Vaw, North Wales* (150), has much in it to show that Mr. Linn has an observant eye and ready hand, and a true feeling for Nature.

Mr. A. Montague's *Delft* (12) is a warm, sunny picture; the boats and figures are well coloured, and the quaint old buildings are picturesquely grouped. His *Dutch Ferry-boat—Morning* (27) is bright and clear; and his *Frozen River* (43) has all the chill of winter thoroughly infused into the landscape. His largest and finest work, however, is, *A Dutch Port* (212); where the fine crisp, dashing sea, the dancing boats, and the animated figures that steady them on the waves, show that Mr. Montague is no unworthy follower in the steps of Stanfield. Mr. J. Henshall's recollections of Sussex are agreeable. *The Old Gate Entrance to Rye* (10), and the *Market Place and Church* of the same town (179), are both pleasing illustrations of a picturesquely localitv. He has also a clever view of the *Cavern at Babacombe Bay, Devonshire* (120).

Mr. F. A. Durnford's *Castle Orgueil, Jersey* (11) is well composed. The foreground is sharply defined, the castle massive and imposing, the distant sea naturally rendered. The tone of light is somewhat pale, but it is well diffused.—On the *Dutch Coast* (107) is soft and pretty:—and so is its pendant, *Low Water, Coast of Holland* (116). A good moonlight effect is obtained in the *Old Pier House on the Hull* (182), though the subject is but slight.—Mr. and Mrs. Oliver have each a number of charming landscapes. Nor ought we to omit to mention the names of Elan, Thorpe, L. J. Wood, and Alfred Provis, in paying our tribute of praise to the artists who exhibit at the National Institution.

FINE-ART GOSSIP. — On Tuesday the opening view of the new Museum of Practical Art drew a crowd to Marlborough House. The Exhibition consisted of two classes of objects—the Art-treasures obtained for the Museum by purchase or donation, and exemplars of the taste and power of the pupils—male and female—of the existing Schools of Design. The contrast between the two was somewhat startling. In the first were placed gorgeous scarfs and shawls from Cashmere and Lahore—glittering swords, yatagans and pistols from Tunis and Constantinople—the famous “*La Gloire*” vase from the Sèvres manufacture—*Marrel Frères*’ hunting-knife of St. Hubert—Changarnier’s sword, from the workshop of Froment Meurice—Vecte’s splendid shield—a fac-simile of the celebrated Cellini cup:—and other Art-illustrations of the highest order, crowded the model rooms. In the department of results the show was much less tempting and picturesque. There, the highest efforts seemed to aim at the decoration of a fender, a cotton print, or a lady’s handkerchief. But even in these there were certain indications of growth in power, skill and taste, which promise well for the future.

The sale of the late Marshal Soult's collection of pictures by Spanish masters commenced on Wednesday last with the offer of three works by Murillo. "The Conception of the Virgin" sold for \$56,000 francs (about 23,500^l. sterling)—a larger sum than was probably ever before given for a picture by this master. It was bought for the gallery of the Louvre. The same artist's "St. Peter in Bonds" realized 151,000 francs. The "Jesus and Child" completed the first day's sale, and brought 63,000 francs. The two last named pictures were said to be purchased for private collectors.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA

Mrs. ANDERSON'S ANNUAL GRAND MORNING CONCERT, Royal Opera House, Covent Garden.—Under the immediate Patronage of Her Royal Highness the Princess Royal, Mrs. ANDERSON (Pianiste to Her Majesty, the Queen, and Musical Instructor to Her Royal Highness the Princess Royal) has the honour to inform her Patrons and Friends, that her ANNUAL GRAND MORNING CONCERT will be given at the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, on WEDNESDAY, June 3rd, 1822, commencing at half-past One o'clock precisely; on which occasion, by an arrangement effected with the Directors in respect to several eminent Performers, he is enabled to engage the principal Artists, and all the most distinguished Members of that unrivaled Establishment. Conductor, Mr. COSTA. Tickets and Boxes to be had of Mrs. Anderson, 21, Manchester-street, Manchester-square, at the Box-Office of the Theatre, and at the principal Hotels in the neighbourhood. An Application for a particular Box or Seats, and a Ticket, will be considered as entitling the applicant to a preference over others.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY, EXETER HALL.—Conductor, Mr. COSTA.—MONDAY NEXT, May 31, will be again repeated for the last time this season Mendelssohn's *ELIJAH*, Vocalists, Madam Clara Novello, Miss Dolby, Miss M. Williams, Miss Sutherland, Mr. C. H. H. Parry, and Mr. F. Ousey, Organist, the most extensive in Exeter Hall. Will consist of (including 16 Double Bassos) nearly 700 Performers. Tickets, 3s.; Reserved Seats, 2s.; Central Area, numbered Seats, 1s. 6d. each; at the Society Office, 6, Exeter Hall.—The Subscription is One, Two, or Three Months.—Subscription, £1. 10s. 6d.—Subscription, £1. 10s. 6d.—Lady-day, 1853, will receive Four Tickets for the above Performance. Last year there were Eleven Subscription Concerts.

The ENGLISH GLEE and MADRIGAL UNION, under the Patronage of His Most Gracious Majesty the King, Mrs. Enderborth, Miss M. Williams, Mr. Lockey, Mr. Hobbs, and Mrs. H. Phillips beg to inform their Subscribers and the Public that a SECOND SERIES of FOUR MORNING CONCERTS will be given at Willis's Rooms, on the 7th of JUNE and three following MONDAYS.—All Communications to be addressed to Mr. H. Phillips, 33, Hanover Street, Bloomsbury, Honorary Secretary.

M. ÉMILE PRUDENT has the honour to announce
SECOND MORNING CONCERT at Willis's Rooms, on SATUR-
DAY, May 24, when he will be assisted by the following artists:-
Madame Garcia, M. Fedor, M. Sainton, Signor Piatti and Messrs.
Cooper and Hill. M. Prudent will perform the following Composi-
tions of his own: Grand Fantasy, "Guillaume Le Tell," Caprice
"Sonnambula," "Le Reveil des Fées," Étude; and Villanelle.
Reserve Seats, £1.; Tickets, 10s. 6d., of the principal Music-sellers,
and Boosey & Co., 24, Holles Street.

HERR JOACHIM begs leave to announce that he will give a GRAND EVENING CONCERT, with full Orchestra, on FRIDAY, June 25th, at the Queen's Concert Rooms, Hanover Square, when he will perform Beethoven's Grand Violin Concerto and several new compositions of his own. Conductor, Herr Ferdinand Hiller. Full particulars will be duly announced—TICKETS, Half-a-Guinea; Reserved Seats, 1s. each, 'to be had of Herr Joachim, 6, Down Street, Piccadilly; Messrs. Cramer & Beale, Regent Street; Ewer & Co., Newgate Street; and of all the principal Musicellers.'

GERMAN PLAYS ST. JAMES'S THEATRE—First Rep.

GERMAN DRAMAS AND COMEDIES. First Representations in England. Mr. MITCHELL respectfully announces that he has entered into arrangements for presenting, for the first time in this country, a short series (limited to Twelve Representations) of GERMAN DRAMAS AND COMEDIES, for which Engagements have been made with some of the most celebrated Artists of Germany, namely—Herr Emil Devrient (of the Theatre Royal, Berlin); Herr Carl Hagenbach (of the Royal German Theatre, Berlin); Herr Carr Gruner (of the Theatre Royal, Stuttgart); Herr Kühn (of the Grand Ducal Theatre, Darmstadt); Fräulein Antonie Wilhelmi (of the Theatre Royal, Dresden); Frau Stoltze (of the Ducal Theatre of Brunswick); Frau von Müller (of the Grand Ducal Theatre, Darmstadt); Fräulein Eppert (from The English Opera House); and others. The First Representation will take place on WEDNESDAY EVENING, June 2nd, 1852, when Goethe's Tragedy of EGIMONT, with the Original Music of Beethoven, will be produced, and in which Herr Emil Devrient, Herr Harting, Herr C. Kühn, Herr W. Thaler, Fräulein Wilhelmi, and Frau von Müller, will have the principal parts. Subsequent Representations will be given by General Arrangements will be superintended by Dr. Kusserow, Professor of History and Literature at the Polytechnic College, Darmstadt, and Herr Birnstiel, Régisseur of the Grand Ducal Theatre, Darmstadt; Director of the Music, Herr A. Thomas, Pupil of De Peñalosa; and all of which will be perfectly selected from the following List, of which a portion will be performed for Performance: FAUST, with Goethe; the Music of Prince Radziwill and Lindpaintner; THE ROBBERS by Schiller; INTRIGUE AND LOVE, by Schiller; DON CARLOS, the INFANT OF SPAIN, by Schiller; EMILIANA, by Lope de Vega; THE CHIEFS OF CORNWALL, by Shakspere; HALLET, and ROBERT ARJON, JULIET, besides several modern Comedies, with which the Performances will be varied.—Subscriptions will be arranged for the Twelve Representations, the Terms of which, and Prospects of the general arrangements, may be obtained at Mr. Mitchell's Library, 33, Old Bond Street, and the principal Libraries and Musicals.

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.—The interesting quality of the Fifth Concert of the Philharmonic Society will be most compendiously shown by sketch of the programme. The singers were, Miss M. Williams, Herren Reichart and Staudigl. The solo player was Madle. Clauss. The music selected was as follows:—

"Part I. Overture (*Euryanthe*), Weber; Finale to the Second Act of '*Les Deux Journées*', Cherubini; Arla, 'Mémo, recordati,' (*Poro*), Handel; Concerto in E flat, Piano forte, Beethoven; Liebeslied, with Chorus, Gumbert; 'Armen' ('Der Kriegegeist ergeben,') (*Jessonda*), Sphor; Sinfonia No. 7, Beethoven.—Part 2. The First Walpurgis Night Mendelssohn."

The above claims little comment on the score of novelty. Most welcome, however, was the indication of "a turn" in the direction of Cherubini,—whose opera drawn upon ought long since to have been a first favourite on the English stage. Mdlle. Clausa confirmed the favourable impression already made by her, the extent of this young Lady's repertory having been anew illustrated by the fact that on Monday morning she had been playing music by Herr Willmers at Madame Puzzi's Concert. The orchestral and choral execution at this fifth concert was admirable; in places, perhaps, to be questioned as a little too rash,—but whether we English can arrive at perfect firmness and precision without such rashness as an early consequence may be questioned. Ripeness and composure will come in their time, and they are not to be forced. How 'The Walpurgis Night'—Mendelssohn has become a stock concert-piece—despite of its subject being, if not recondite, more remote from our sympathies—is worth pondering, though not for the purposes of Chinese imitation by all composers who would enrich, not revolutionise, the world.—*The Castalia* has never before

gone so well in London. It is amusing, by the way, to see amateurs of a certain class, who would like to be "frightened softly" by *fortes* without strength and choruses that make no noise, wincing under the wild and weird shrillness and spirit of this Walpurgis chorus, and affronted thereby just as if their very effect were not the one claimed by the poem and calculated by the composer.

MUSICAL UNION.—The strong point at the third meeting of the Musical Union was, the matchless playing by Herr Halle and Signor Piatti of Beethoven's duett in A, Op. 69. This it would be hard to praise too highly. Signor Sivori was first violin : —as a leader of great German music hardly deep or earnest enough,—one of whom the choice is singular so long as Herr Molique's bow is idle in London. The Quartett was Haydn's No. 76 (Pleyel edition) in c.—Spohr's Quintett in E flat, Op. 33, was also performed. In proportion as the genius, science and fancy of the former composer brighten upon us year by year does our pleasure in the talent of the latter writer wane and deaden. Spohr's manner, formerly so acceptable, has lost its fascination, and the small scale and arid quality of his ideas make themselves felt, ingenious and rich as is the clothing thereof.

We learn from Mr. Ella's review of his own proceedings, that a quartett of German stringed instrument players from Darmstadt will accompany the German dramatic company about to visit London:—also, that a similar party from Paris, and another from Munich may be expected here next spring. Mr. Ella further holds out something like a half promise of possessing or securing a more convenient music-room for his sole use:—accompanying this with an intimation that it is his intention to establish some society or gathering in the style of the *Musical Institute*, which body he conceives to have "adopted his ideas." This, we can state without hesitation, is a mistake.

CONCERTS OF THE WEEK.—Nothing like the stir of concert-giving at present going on in London, we apprehend, has ever before existed. So importunate in number and variety are the current entertainments in this form that the recorder is reduced to the necessity of merely naming many exhibitions worthy of minute analysis, and of entirely passing by others without disparagement being implied in silence. What a sign of our riches, for instance, is it that performances so fine and so largely frequented as those of the *Sacred Harmonic Society* must be dismissed in a line!—On Monday was given the first of what may be called our operatic concerts by *Madame Puzzi*. This displayed almost the entire vocal strength of *Her Majesty's Theatre*,—aided by *Madame Bockoltz Falconi* (who has the ambition and skill of a *prima donna*, but not the voice),—*Mdlle. Hugo* (whose line is the sentimental French *romance*),—*Madame Schutz Oldosi* (in her day a great artist),—and (to the honour of England) by *Madame C. Novello*, *Mise L. Pyne*, and *Mr. Sims Reeves*. If times are changed for the old opera-house since, on occasions like this, *Fasta*, *Malibran*, *Sontag*, *Persiani*, *Grisi*, *Rubini*, and others figured as parts of the establishment,—if the leaden age has come on there,—times have changed also, and for the better, as regards the average of English singers. Two more available *soprani* of high talent than our countrywomen just mentioned are not before the

European public.
It must suffice us for the moment simply to announce that *Mr. John Parry's* new musical and comic entertainment was given on Monday.—On Wednesday evening, *Mr. C. Salaman* received his friends:—and besides this meeting there were held only a monster concert at Exeter Hall,—the last of *Mr. Lucas's Musical Evenings*, the programme of which promised new music by V. Lachner; also a repetition of Cherubini's fine Quartett in E flat,—and a meeting of the *Beethoven Quartett Society*, with Herr Joachim as leader, at which an early *Fiancée* Trio by Herr Ferdinand Hiller was performed; the composer taking the principal part. The opening *allegro* of the Trio was noticeable because of its

Madame Blavatsky's concert held on Thursday was

most interesting. Rarely has a first-rate executive artist so completely shown within the space of a couple of hours what she could—and what she could not—do. Beethoven's *Concerto* in C minor, Mendelssohn's in G minor, and transcripts by Liszt of Rossini's 'Soirées Musicales' and of the *ballet* music in 'Le Prophète,' were the pieces selected by Madame Pleyel. Her playing of the first was throughout a mistake; a display of careless licence alternated with coquetry in detail, in place of the large, deep and simple expression required. So soon, however, as execution was the matter in hand, Madame Pleyel rallied:—giving Liszt's arrangements with a finish and a *dissolutura* which no one commands but Liszt and herself. In Mendelssohn's *Concerto*, again, Madame Pleyel was not right—too mannered, and pointed, and concealed in her liberties with *tempo*—till the *finale* was arrived at. That movement, however, was given by her with a brilliancy, spirit, an ease of finger, and a sport with all its tremendous difficulties, nothing short of intoxicating to the hearer. We have not for years received a stronger impression of excitement and satisfaction combined than from this performance; which, at the end of her arduous task, Madame Pleyel was able, when called upon, to repeat with even more than her first gaiety of style, metallic certainty of execution and beauty of tone. Not long ago we characterized this Lady as remarkable among the great players for her feminine qualities. It would seem from her Thursday's performance as if *Cleopatra's* inequalities, anticipities, pettinesses and possible sublimities are to be numbered among them.

The first Concert at the Royal Italian Opera was given yesterday morning.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.—'La Juive.'—In spite of much controversy, M. Halévy's best serious opera still keeps its place in all the great theatres of France and Germany;—and even in England, we think, it may come to be fairly appreciated as a most powerful story skilfully set to music, which, as a work of talent, can be seen and heard in its turn, though in less frequent request than must have been the case had Rossini or Meyerbeer treated so dramatic a subject. On Thursday it was reproduced at Covent Garden with great splendour for the introduction of M. Gueymard.

This journal, we believe, [Athen. No. 1135, &c.] was the first to recognize the good gifts of this rising tenor singer, when 'Le Prophète' was produced at Paris, and M. Gueymard sustained the important but ungracious part of the *First Anabaptist*. Since then he has studied, wisely and well; and so wrought, it seems, upon his voice—which was then, as we described it "clear, ready, and mordant"—as to have given it warmth and feeling. It is now a most sympathetic and agreeable tenor, capable of many inflections, sufficient in compass—and sufficient, too, in power. We wish that this might be remembered.—M. Gueymard's disposition being to strain his voice for the sake of the cries which grand opera demands too largely. Throughout the evening he sang well:—least so, however, in the grand *aria* in the fourth act,—perhaps, because there the responsibility is the greatest, and the most consummate art is required for the solitary vocalist and actor to fill the stage at so critical a point of the story, after eye and ear have been so long taxed. Greater evenness and less anxiety will probably come with time; for we remember no case of progress more satisfactory and more steady than M. Gueymard's, and anguill well for his future from his past. As an actor he has much to learn; but the part of *Lazaro* is perhaps the most arduous one in the tenor's repertory. Meanwhile, there can be small doubt of his being an acquisition of very high value to the theatre.—There can be none as to his success.

The choral, orchestral and scenic execution of 'La Juive' was magnificent. As the heroine, Madame Julianne did her utmost,—which in this part, indeed, was a little too much, trenching upon coarseness and exaggeration, yet still producing great effect. The same may be said of the *Bogny* of Herr Formes, who became melodramatic rather than dramatic after his first air,

which he sang very well. But the danger of 'La Juive' is the perpetual temptation to rant, musically and histrionically, which its three great parts afford, and which demands for its avoidance the temperance of such consummate artists as a Duprez and a Madame Viardot. Herr Stigelli took great pains and sang with increasing refinement as *Leopoldo*; but why was not the part retained by Signor Tamberlik? The blot on the cast was the *Eudossia*; a part not beneath the notice of Madame Dorus-Gras in her best day, and which, therefore, might naturally have been given to Mdlle. Zerr instead of to the lady whose inefficiency was throughout so obvious.

Mdlle. Angelina Bosio is announced as engaged and about to appear. We are at a loss to understand the *rationale* of such an over-profusion of new artists as now seems to be the law at Covent Garden, knowing how they are apt to bargain first to appear in hackneyed operas and afterwards object to that occupation of strengthening—not *starring*—a cast, which alone can make them really valuable to such an establishment as Covent Garden Theatre. A variety of mediocre *premiers sujets* is not the thing wanted, but a series of complete performances; and all time spent over *débâts* which lead to nothing is so much time wasted. We would rather now be hearing of 'Faust' and 'Oberon' as coming on an early day.—It may be presumed that Madame Gazzaniga and Signor Negrini are not coming to England this year.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—'Don Pasquale' has not yet been revived at *Her Majesty's Theatre*,—but 'Ernani' has been given. The performance of this opera on Saturday last made it painfully evident that while Mdlle. Cravelli is unable by her utmost zeal and versatility to sustain *Her Majesty's Theatre*, and while her friends are as little able to sustain her popularity, she has perilled herself in the rash struggle to a point at which retrieval and recovery are already difficult. Her force and passion were on Saturday simply the mechanical display made by a young and strong person half educated in her profession and prematurely wearied. Singing could, in some essential respects, hardly be more objectionable than Mdlle. Cravelli's singing of the opening *cavatina* with its audacious and ill-executed *cadenza*. Her voice seems to be losing both body and soul, and in danger of becoming a mere instrument of percussion, "nothing if not noisy." In short, it would be difficult to determine whether entire rest or severe study is, at present, the more requisite to this ill-advised young Lady. Signor Ferlotti's *Carlo Quinto* was hoarse, uneven, and often out of tune. Signor Beletti's *Silva* was very well sung. This thoroughly conscientious artist seems to have lost no iota of vocal refinement during his American tour,—a fact greatly to his credit. The performance as a whole was very defective.—Madame Le Grange, and two new *danseuses*, are announced to appear this evening.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC GOSSIP.—Act second of the Wagner drama has been announced as about to be played to-day, in the form of an appeal made by the Lady and her manager to the Lord Chancellor, by virtue of which it is hoped that he will reverse the confirmation of the Vice-Chancellor's injunction.

Few persons will be amazed to learn that Mr. Bunn's new promises of new operas, recorded in the *Athenæum*, have already come to nothing. Towards Monday or Tuesday in last week the name of M. Desanges disappeared from the Drury Lane bills; on Saturday that of Mr. Henry Smart "went tumbling after,"—like *Gill* in the nursery song; since this day week Mr. Bunn has announced with his usual pomp and circumstance, that, owing to the advanced period of the spring, Mr. Henry Smart's opera is deferred till next season. There is something almost sublime in this power of amusing the public by addresses. Yet our faith that (life permitting) we have not been favoured with it for the last time is firm; and great in proportion is our regret, that an obstacle so serious in the way of a wisely-established and well-administered Opera-house for English perfor-

mances should possess such a persistence of eloquence that leads to nothing.

The Choral Symphony of Beethoven will be repeated at the last concert of the *New Philharmonic Society*.

The *Glee and Madrigal Union*, after a career of more than ordinary success, has suddenly changed its form. On Tuesday Mr. Francis advertised that it was dissolved, and that a future series of concerts of the same description would be given, with Miss Louisa Pyne, Miss Dolby and Mr. Swift, as soprano, alto and tenor.—On Wednesday, we were informed, by advertisement, that Mrs. Endersohn, Miss Williams, Mr. Lockey, and Mr. H. Phillips remain associated, and continue their performances of English part-music,—retaining the original title.

There is a family of musical instruments steadily increasing in numbers and gaining acceptance to which little serious attention has been paid. Yet we are reminded of its existence by a dozen different announcements, inquiries, and indications,—such as the advertised performances and *Concertina* classes of Signor G. Regondi, Messrs. Case and Blagrove,—invitations to hear M. Frélon on the *Harmonium*,—and by the exhibitions of a *Fancy Lady*, now in London, who makes her effect (empirically enough, yet still an effect,) by playing with her right hand on a *seraphine* under another name, and with her left on a grand piano-forte. In short, the pleasures of sustained melody and harmony in combination, such as of old were monopolized by the organ, are beginning, it seems, to be popularized on easier conditions and a more manageable scale, with the drawback of certain specialties of tone. These, however tiresome on repetition, might be as well worth treating in alternation, or with accompaniment, as the nasal note of the oboe, the inexpressive bird-voice of the flute, the unctuous snore of the bassoon, or the stormy blast of saxophones, cornets-a-piston, and trombones of all scales and sizes. The *Concertina* is already largely used in our domestic concerts, though merely as an interpreter of arranged music. Might not, then, some composer, at a loss for a new line, adapt himself to the new invention or the new invention to his ideas?

By the advertisement of *Signor Marras's* concert, we find that *Signor Gordigiani* is, or immediately is to be, among our musical visitors.

We notice in the Paris papers the first evidence of the practical operation of the new international copyright treaties. In making their annual Report, the Association of French Dramatic Authors refer to these treaties as having already yielded them certain returns—insignificant as yet in amount, but gratifying as the result of an application of honourable principles,—from Nice, Turin, and Chambery. Hanover and Portugal are now organized on the same bases, and next year will help to swell the returns. They speak, however, of the convention with this country as "the most important of all, both as an example and as a result—because it not only secures a property in pieces played in the original language, but in translation." The French dramatist suffers on the Continent like the English author in America,—for there is scarcely a capital city between Madrid and St. Petersburg in which there is not a permanent French theatre.

For accuracy's sake, let us note the correction, derived from a German friend, of an error into which we were last week led by an initial.—We then confounded *Herr Emil Devrient*, who is coming to London, and who is renowned as the best German actor living, with *Herr Edward Devrient*, who, also connected with the theatrical world, was specially advertized to as a man of letters and the friend of men of letters,—and whose 'Briefe aus Paris,' with its bright and fresh pictures of theatrical life in France, was noticed in the *Athenæum* in the year of Mdlle. Rachel's first visit to London.

MISCELLANEA

Peter Pindar.—Under this head a correspondent in your last number has commented on the anecdote respecting Peter Pindar in my first volume of literary memoirs. Will you permit me to offer a few words in reply? I did not say, as 'Young Mortality' has put into my mouth, that

"Peter Pindar was a great rascal":—nor did I allege that "he taught the public to believe that George the Good was a simpleton or a fool, only because the Government refused to avail themselves of his services, or, in other words, to give him a bribe." These words are his,—not mine. I merely related what I heard from a most honourable and distinguished man, whose letter on the subject to me I quoted, and which stated that Peter's representative had offered support to the Government for a consideration, and that Peter claimed that consideration for being silent and desisting from his caricatures of the King. For ought else, I have nothing to state. Your correspondent's suppositions and reasoning may safely be left to themselves; and his avoidance of any answer to the notorious, and not more creditable, *ruse* which Peter played upon the publishers,—and which I related on the authority of living parties,—may, I presume, settle this controversy. Will you permit me only to add, that I have undertaken my Autobiography in anticipation of a posthumous date, principally in order that anything which I state that is doubtful may be questioned, and anything erroneous contradicted whilst yet there are witnesses of the highest character in being who can vouch for my statements, however startling some of them may appear! Truth as regards myself and others is my sole object. I am, &c.

W. JERDAN.

In your number of the 6th instant some anecdotes respecting Peter Pindar (Dr. Wolcot) are extracted from the Auto-biography of Mr. Jerdan. A previous knowledge of the Doctor by my family induced me, when I came a youth to London, to visit him. From the close of 1805, down to the time of his death in 1819, I spent an evening weekly when I was in London at his house. I remember his sisters also, who were alive in 1813. Mr. Jerdan is not correct in his statements.

The facts of his alleged trick on the publishers are these:—

Wolcot's works having a prodigious sale, Walker the bookseller was depated by some of the trade to offer the Doctor a sum of money, or an annuity, for the copyright of them all. The Doctor chose the annuity of £500. He had suffered all his life from asthma, but less in his latter years than before. A fit was on him the day when Walker called about the business,—and the bibliopolist went away, and told (I think) his wife, that the Doctor could not live long, and it might soon be too late to conclude the bargain. The Doctor heard of this, and when Walker came with the draft of the document, he coughed a "double time," on purpose to play off the joke upon him,—and the bookseller naturally hurried through the business. The Doctor used to repeat the anecdote as a good joke against the booksellers. He was not in a "dying condition." He never "wiped the chalk off his face," which, with his mahogany complexion, chalk would hardly have whitened,—nor did he "dance out of the room"—neither had he "one foot in the grave." He used, after he was eighty years of age, to say in jest that he had got the best of the bargain with the bibliopolists,—living so many years more than they reckoned on,—and always concluded by speaking of his cough. He was a man far above such a trick as chalking his face to entrap those with whom he dealt. In money affairs he was scrupulous. He was one of the most open, candid men that ever lived,—fond of a joke, and making one sometimes out of little.—The anecdote of the pension, as told by Mr. Jerdan, is equally erroneous. I had the previous story from his own lips. Wolcot came from Cornwall to London about 1782. He began to write soon afterwards,—and the King's first fit of illness occurred in 1789, and lasted but a short time. The second attack was in 1811. Wolcot wrote little or nothing worth mentioning after the latter year. The "laudable anxiety of ministers" to protect the King by pensioning Peter Pindar thus fails to the ground,—though it is true the statement is very generally made. The truth is,—Peter did not offer his assistance to the Government. Mr. Jerdan contradicts himself. If the pension was offered to prevent annoyance to the King, it could hardly have been granted to Peter on his own solicitation! All the world knows that Charles II. had a writer, legally attached for a lampoon, to abuse him, and then the ministers would not trouble themselves about his distresses. Peter was more bitter against the ministry than against the King. He told too many truths of them. He disliked Pitt,—whom he deemed a renegade from his father's principles, and a tacit libeller of his memory. The first Pitt was the Doctor's hero,—and his first verses were written to that Mr. Pitt. "On his recovery from a fit of the gout." These verses were published in *Martin's Magazine* about 1756, and are dated from Fowey in Cornwall. His praises of Chatham were unbounded:—his dislike of the son was proportional. Peter was offered a pension more than once, but he could not be a dependent and write for the Government. The last time the offer was made he was depressed in mind and in circumstances. He had thought of retiring into Cornwall, and giving up his pen. This was not known to the Treasury,—but it so happened that an offer of a pension was renewed at that very time. Peter was not to write for the Government, and he stipulated that he would not write against it. Mr. Yorke was the go-between, if I recollect rightly. Peter finally agreed to write no more articles on political persons—in fact, to keep silent about the ministry. A pension of £600 per annum was to be his. He had received the first quarter's allowance but a few days, when, in the temper of those times, a messenger from the Treasury called and hoped, now the Doctor saw the ministry were in earnest, he would use his pen on their side. "You know the stipulation was to be my silence," said the Doctor indignantly. "I'll be d—d if I will write for you; I won't be a prostitute,—go and tell this to your ministers." It happened that a sum of money about which the Doctor had been depressed in mind from his hopelessness of obtaining it was paid over to him. He at once enclosed back the amount which he had received from the Treasury. "Peter can live without a pension" was the result. So began and ended the pension affair,—as related by himself.—I will trespass upon your space by an anecdote which has not been told, out of many that I know of this remarkable man. The Prince of Wales always had slips of the Doctor's works from the printer, while they were in the press. When he

became Prince Regent, a messenger was sent to the Doctor to know what the Prince was indebted to him for the proof slips. None had been sent for years, because the Doctor had not written anything worth sending. "I thought it a sufficient honour that the Prince read my works in that way. I never expected to be insulted by such a demand so long afterwards," said Wolcot. "My orders are peremptory, Doctor," replied the messenger.—"I have nothing to do with my writings now, nor with money transactions relating to them. You must go to Walker the bookseller." The messenger went, the Doctor instructing Walker to make out a regular tradesman's bill for the Prince Regent, to the farthing, and give a regular receipt for the sum when paid. Some little time afterwards the messenger called on the Doctor with a fifty-pound note, the account being forty odd pounds and some shillings.

"The change was of no consequence." The Doctor despatched the messenger to Walker again—saying he would not have the Prince's money. It was a trading affair on both sides, and he must go to the traders. "Was not this very pretty?" said Wolcot; "The Prince had my squibs about his father to read openly at his own table, and then fearing that I may blab the fact, now he is become Viceroy, and if he pays me for the rag all will be right." Wolfe, of the Prince's household supplied the Doctor with the materials for many of his squibs. The tale of the shaving of the royal coots originated in a fact. The order was given, but withdrawn. It was founded on an accident of a trivial character,—which Wolcot altered and made the subject of one of the richest comic poems in any language, exalting the insect here—

"To draw of deep astronomers the ken,
The Georgium Sidus of the sons of men."

I am, &c.

CYRUS REDDING.

St. John's Wood, May 17.

The Committee of Education.—It appears from an official document that last year the amount of grants by the Education Committee of the Privy Council to normal and elementary schools amounted to 142,229l. 8s. 9½d., and in the preceding year to 160,097l. 7s. 10½d.

Volcanic Eruption in the Sandwich Islands.—By an accurate measurement of the enormous jet of glowing lava where it first broke forth on the side of Mauna Loa, it was ascertained to be 500 feet high. This was upon the supposition that it was 30 miles distant. We are of the opinion that it was at a greater distance—say from 40 to 60 miles. With a glass the play of this jet at night was distinctly observed, and a more sublime sight can scarcely be imagined. A column of molten lava, glowing with the most intense heat, and projected into the air to a distance of 500 feet, was a sight so rare, and at the same time so awfully grand, as to excite the most lively feelings of awe and admiration, even when viewed at a distance of 40 or 50 miles. The diameter of this jet is supposed to be over 100 feet. In some places this river is a mile wide, and in others more contracted. At some points it has filled up ravines of 100, 200, and 300 feet in depth, and still it flows on. It entered a heavy forest, and the giant growth of centuries was cut down before it like grass before the mower's scythe. No obstacle can arrest it in its descent to the sea. Mounds are covered over, ravines are filled up, forests are destroyed, and the habitations of man are consumed like flax in the furnace. Truly, "He toucheth the hills, and they smoke." We have not yet heard of any destruction of life from the eruption now in progress. A rumour has reached us that a small native village has been destroyed, but of this we have no authentic intelligence. Two vessels had sailed from Hilo, both filled to their utmost capacity with people who desired to witness this great eruption. The eruption seems to have broken out through an old fissure, about one-third down the side of Mauna Loa, on the north-west side, and not from the old crater on the summit, called Mocquoweeoweo. The altitude of the present eruption is about 10,000 feet above the level of the sea, and from the bay of Hilo (Byron's Bay) must be some 50 or 60 miles. If it succeed in reaching the ocean at the point supposed, after having filled up all the ravines, gulches, and inequalities of a very broken country, it will undoubtedly be one of the most extensive eruptions of modern times.—*Polynesian*.

To Correspondents.—T. D. S.—F. T. H.—received.
"We cannot answer the question put to us by this Correspondent; and it is our uncertainty on the subject to which it relates which has prevented us hitherto from publishing his communication.

Erratum.—In our Gossip columns of last week, Lord Rose's third *souvenir* was by mistake announced for the 24th inst., instead of this evening, the 22nd.

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|-----------------------------|-----------------|--------------|-------------------|--|
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|-----------------|--------------|-------------------|--|
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| 1811 | 1000 | 33 19 2 | ditto |
| 1818 | 1000 | 34 16 10 | ditto |

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|------------|-------|--------------|----------------|---|
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| Age when Policy in force. | Sum Assured. | Total Additions in 1851. | Participators in Two. | Participators in Three. | Participators in Seven. |
|---------------------------|--------------|--------------------------|-----------------------|-------------------------|-------------------------|
| 25 .. | £1000 .. | £164 19 2 | 2 | 2 | 2 |
| 35 .. | 1000 .. | 176 19 8 | 2 | 2 | 2 |
| 45 .. | 1000 .. | 219 6 6 | 6 | 6 | 6 |
| 55 .. | 1000 .. | 235 19 8 | 8 | 8 | 8 |
| 65 .. | 1000 .. | 266 1 8 | 12 | 12 | 12 |
| 25 .. | 1000 .. | 49 12 0 | 1 | 1 | 1 |
| 35 .. | 1000 .. | 59 4 9 | 2 | 2 | 2 |
| 45 .. | 1000 .. | 77 19 0 | 6 | 6 | 6 |
| 55 .. | 1000 .. | 85 19 2 | 12 | 12 | 12 |
| 65 .. | 1000 .. | 94 15 8 | 18 | 18 | 18 |

* EXAMPLE.—At the commencement of the year 1851, a person aged 25, with a sum insured of £1000, had a participation for which he was 2d. scd.; in 1847 he had paid in premiums £661. 11s. 8d.; but the profits being 2d. per annum on the sum insured which is £20,100, per annum for each £1,000, he had 171. 10s. 8d. added to the Policy, almost as much as the premiums paid.

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